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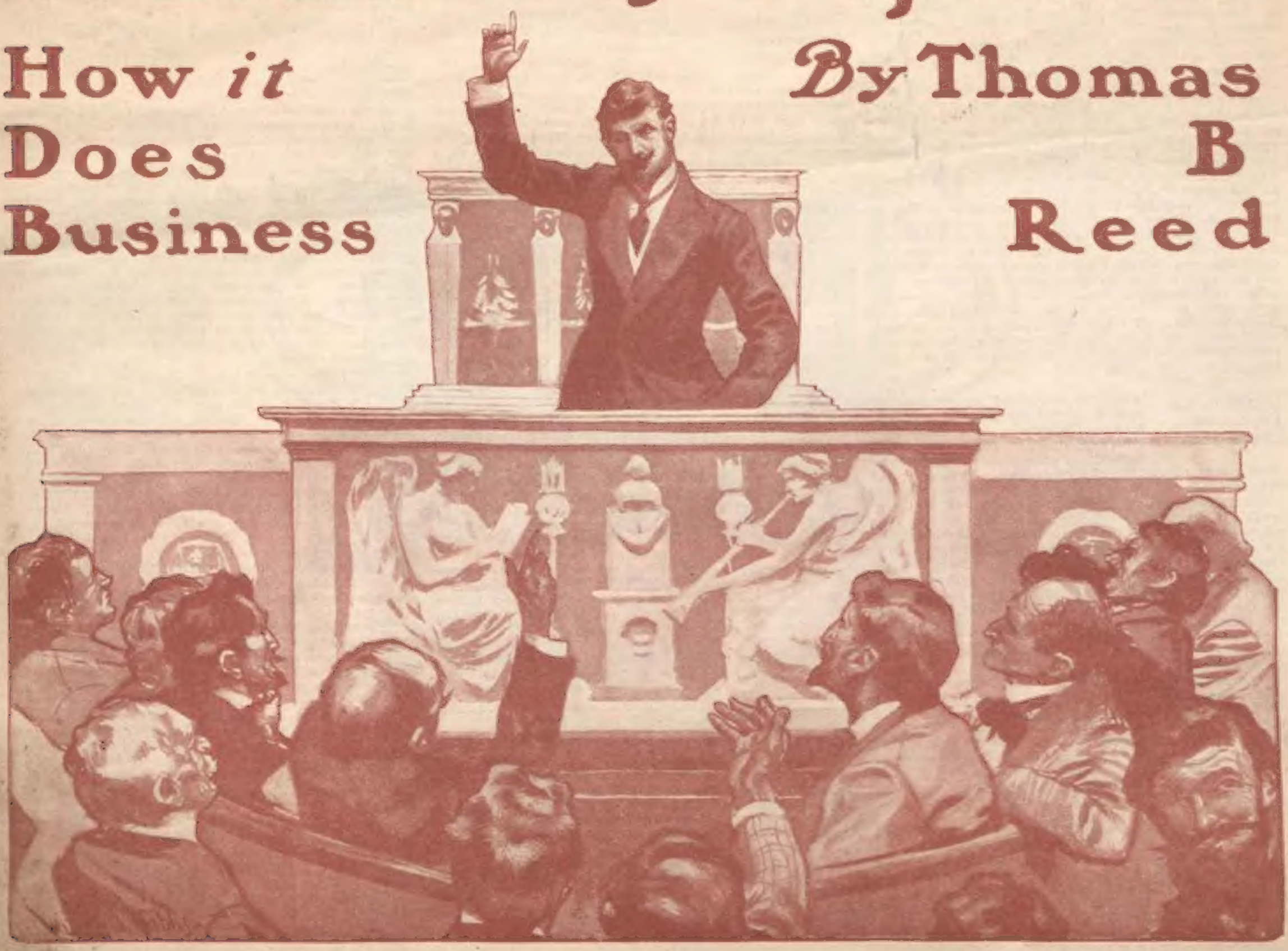
The French Chamber of Deputies:

How it Does Business

By Thomas B Reed



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The French Chamber of Deputies
How it Does Business
By Thomas B. Reed

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THE good order and quiet behavior of our own House of Representatives are not so remarkable as to give us any special reason to be proud. Our silence throbs into sound upon quite reasonable provocation and the general noise which prevails hardly seems consistent with real deliberation. Nevertheless, when we compare our own body with the Chamber of Deputies in France, it will not be necessary to appeal to patriotism or national prejudice to give ourselves the preference, when it is a question of order and decorum.

The powers given to the President of that Chamber for the preservation of order are ample in their character and recognize the difficulties to be met. Calling to order there may mean loss of pay as well as of temporary standing. Exclusion from the Chamber may also be one of the penalties. If the disorder be general, the President, by putting on his hat, can suspend the sitting as long as he pleases. It is probable that, with the Chamber as with our House, a good part of the disorder comes of mere physical conditions. Discomfort and attention, unrest and thoughtfulness, are not easily companions.

With us the trouble arises from the size of our Hall, which is more than three times as large as the English House of Commons. With the French, the trouble is with the arrangements of the Chamber, which give to each member, on an average, a space so confined and so ill-adjusted that the French architect, Trélat, was forced to say that the mere "sitting," which was the first duty of a Deputy, was "a function physically very fatiguing and singularly laborious." With us there is space enough, if it were properly utilized. If the middle third of our Hall were taken for the sittings and the other two-thirds were used for work and lounging rooms, much of that disorder which comes of physical discomfort would pass away.

The French Chamber is a hemicycle, lighted from the top. On the straight side the hemicycle is enlarged by a recess of the full width of the diameter, so arranged as to accommodate what is called the Bureau of the Presidency, which is the organization of the body. In the centre front is the chair of the President, and on his table is a bell with which, instead of a gavel, he struggles to maintain order. Before the President's table, on a lower level, is the tribune, which is mounted by steps on either side and has a railing in front. From this tribune every member must speak if he speaks at all and speaks in order. Of course, there are many interruptions, but it seems to an observer in the galleries that the tribune exercises a helpful influence on the order of the Chamber. Such, however, is not the opinion of those who observe from the inside. They think that the tribune renders too conspicuous the member who addresses the Chamber and leads him to make orations instead of business statements, and destroys real debate. Our own rules provide that a member of the House of Representatives may address the House from the Clerk's desk, but so seldom do our members avail themselves of the right that not more than twice in twenty years has a member used the Clerk's desk as a place from which to address the House.

Establishing a Provisional Organization

When the provisional organization has been made and the bureaus have been drawn in the manner which will be hereinafter described, the bureau proceeds to consider the verification of powers, or, in other words, to examine the credentials. The Provisional President then addresses the assembly, an opening discourse which depends for its success upon his good taste and rhetoric. After this, the Chamber may proceed to the election of the permanent officers. These consist of a President, four Vice-Presidents, three Questors and eight Secretaries. The Questors are officials of great importance, who control the administration of the service of the Chamber. They perform many, perhaps nearly all, of the duties of the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Doorkeeper, and are responsible for the safety of the Chamber, for its comfort and convenience, and that of the members. They have charge of the building in which the Chamber sits. The President, Vice-Presidents, Questors and Secretaries together constitute what is distinctively known as The Bureau of the Presidency. The election of these officers, however, usually takes place the next day.

After the permanent organization has been made, the President makes a short address of greeting to his fellow-representatives and begins the work of the Chamber. As there are as yet no reports of committees, a member may be recognized to present a bill either for reference or action, on a motion of urgency or an interpellation of the Government, which may then and there be discussed, if the Government be ready and so disposed.

The business of the French Chamber is carried on in a manner so different from ours that nothing but a full description will convey even a general idea. Of course, I cannot hope to do it without errors of detail, but such errors will not, perhaps, prevent the system from being understood.

When the first session of the newly-elected Chamber opens, the Chair is taken by the oldest member, whoever he may be, and he calls to the desk the six youngest members to act as Secretaries. Who the Provisional President and Secretaries shall be has been ascertained the night before at an informal preliminary meeting. When the provisional organization is completed, the Chamber is divided into bureaus, which are selected by lot by use of an apparatus invented many years ago by Senator Tamisier. It consists of a plank, pierced with holes which lead into separate compartments or cells of the requisite size to hold the balls which represent the deputies. In an urn are these balls, bearing each the name of a member, one for each deputy. From the urn the balls are poured over the plank, and each finds its way to one or other of the compartments. In this way the bureaus are constituted every month. The life, therefore, of one of these bureaus is thirty days, except when the Chamber sees fit to prolong its life. The first five bureaus have forty-eight members each and the rest forty-nine.

The bureaus, after being chosen, have the right to organize immediately by the choice of a President and Secretary. The quorum is not less than one-third. When organized, they keep a journal, and the order of business in them may be regulated by the Chamber itself. All bills presented by the Government are at once referred to the bureaus, which are eleven in number. Each bureau meeting in the Chamber set apart for it discusses the bill, apparently in an informal manner, until the members find out each others' opinions and are satisfied to select a commissioner to represent them on the commission, which will ordinarily be composed of one member from each bureau, and, therefore, usually consists of eleven deputies.

The Chamber's Bureaus and Commissions

The commissions thus constituted, in rooms dedicated to this work, organize by the choice of a President and Secretary, and further study the bill. They may give hearings and call upon Government officials to furnish facts and information. When they are ready to pronounce their decisions they select from their number by ballot a member to draw up the report. This member is called the Reporter. After his report is ready, he submits it to the commission and, if agreed to, it becomes their report and is in open session deposited with the President, ordered to be printed and distributed, and takes its place on the calendar and becomes part of the order of the day. In the Chamber the bill is under the management of the President of the commission and the Reporter. Commissions, however, may be chosen by the Chamber directly without debate. They may also be of a larger number, usually thirty-three, three from each bureau. Such commissions are usually of more importance than the ordinary commission and study a whole group of subjects, such as agriculture, reorganization of the army, judicial reform, labor and railroads. The tendency seems to be to appoint more of such commissions, which has been thought to indicate a disposition toward one committee system, or at least toward that of the English. Any commission may divide itself into sub-commissions.

Private bills take another course. By private bills, however, is meant not, as with us, bills concerning individuals, but bills which do not have the sanction of the Ministers, but only the indorsement of the individual who proposes it. Such a bill, called a "proposition" instead of a "project," goes to a commission of thirty-three members, called the Commission on the Initiative, and chosen by the bureaus. This commission may report to consider, to reject, to send to an existing commission, or may advise urgency or suppression. In theory, some kind of a report should be made by the Commission on the Initiative in fourteen days, but, in reality, it happens often that no reports are made, because the Commission on the Initiative is the cemetery wherein repose the dead that were never born, the tender tribute offered in all lands by the member who loves his constituency better than his country, but wishes to satisfy both.

When the bill, whether of governmental or private origin, has passed these earlier ordeals and has been brought before the Chamber, it is entitled to a first and second deliberation. The first deliberation, which is possible twenty-four hours after the report is printed, opens by a general debate upon the whole question, a procedure which corresponds to what we also call general debate, in which the general effect and scope of the bill are gone over until the Chamber is satisfied. After general debate is closed, the Chamber does not proceed, as a matter of course, to discuss the articles in their order. It may be that the Chamber does not care to go further. Hence the question is put whether the Chamber will proceed to consider in detail. If it determines not to do so, the bill is deemed rejected and is not heard of again. If, on the contrary, it is determined to proceed, the bill is taken up, article by article, and amendments offered and discussed in much the same fashion as we proceed in the Committee of the Whole.

Amendments, however, are not presented by members at the time. In order to guard against surprise, the rules require that the amendments shall be presented to the President the day before consideration, or at latest in the morning. The President arranges these amendments, and presents them in the order he deems most suitable to enable the Assembly to pass upon them most satisfactorily. At any time, however, during the discussion an amendment can be sent to the commission in charge of the bill, where it is discussed over night, or even by retiring at once for consultation, while other items are being discussed by the Chamber. The commissions often meet in the morning on notice.

The Final Deliberation on all Bills

After these discussions and amendments, the bill may be refused further deliberation, and so cease to exist, or the second deliberation may be ordered to take place after five days. On the second deliberation, general debate is not had unless none was had on the first deliberation, or unless the commission recharged with the bills has made so many and such changes that it ought to be again debated as a whole. After the second deliberation is over, the bill is deemed to be passed, unless the Chamber orders a third deliberation. Amendments to amendments are allowed. Amendments offered by individuals are first voted on, afterward those proposed by the commission in charge. This is the reverse of our custom. We say the committee should be first heard because they have studied the subject. The French say the individual must be first dealt with, otherwise his proposition would not have a fair chance if the commission's influence could first be brought to bear on the Chamber.

Beside the commissions already enumerated, there are three others: one on leaves of absence, another on petitions, and still another on local interests, which report directly to the Chamber. To their work only one deliberation by the Chamber seems to be given.

The Commission on Leaves of Absence gives to members the right to be absent without being deprived of their daily salary, for the rule in France is that those who are absent unexcused shall not be paid. Petitions are examined by the commission charged with that subject, and proper action taken, either by a bill or some action of the Chamber, or by reference to the Government Department to which the subject belongs. Local matters, those relating to departments and communes, are reported upon by the commission concerned with local interests, and, as a rule, are speedily passed upon without debate, and are printed in the Official Journal.

The bills and propositions which we have described have nothing to do with the General Appropriation Bill, which has only one deliberation, which takes place in the Chamber, under the general charge of the Commission on the Budget. This commission is chosen, three from each bureau, which makes its number of members thirty-three in all. The choice is made eight days or so after the Bill for Receipts and Expenditures is presented and distributed by the Government. This commission subdivides itself so that the sub-commissions may have charge of different classes of expenditures. A reporter or reporters are chosen for each department, and a Reporter-General to direct the debates and amendments generally.

The French Chamber has no Committee of the Whole. All its deliberations are carried on in the Chamber itself under the direction of the presiding officer, and under the orders of the Chamber. Usually, after the discussion on the ways and means and expenditures are really under way, most of the time of the Chamber is taken up. The end of the session, after fixing to-morrow's order of the day, seems to be given up to general business. At the end of each day the President consults the Chamber as to the order of the day for the next session, and by its direction arranges it. Nevertheless, the order of the day is always under control of the Chamber, which can vary it at any time to suit its wishes. Any program, however, is liable to be interrupted by what are called "interpellations." Interpellations, in theory, like questions to the Government in the British House of Commons, are intended to display a careful watch over the Ministers, forcing them to explain their actions, or to take action on matters of public import in due time. In practice, of course, the interpellation affords scope for eloquence and strenuosity, which are for consumption in the district and in the country if the member has a national following. When a member proposes an interpellation, which he may do at any time, the Chamber fixes the time for discussion and action and the debate takes place, ending in a motion to proceed to the order of the day, sometimes with language explanatory and sometimes without. The fate of this motion depends very much on the wording, and upon the vote may depend the fate of the Ministry. Ministries thus subject to attack are short-lived, and a Ministry two years old is almost unknown.

Interruptions, Interjections, Amendments

Debate is conducted in practice, however much rules may differ, very much as we conduct it. There is, however, no five minutes or even one hour debate, for the Assembly is at the mercy of the orator, and the audience can only protect itself by punitive methods. All speeches have to be made from the tribune. Written discourses, though not usual, are permitted, and it is even permitted to read the manuscript of a colleague if you approve of it and become responsible.

The previous question (*la question préalable*) is not used to finish debate and bring a proposition to a vote, but, like

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Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of papers by Mr. Reed, on The Three Great Parliaments, the first of which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of May 19. The concluding paper, on the House of Commons, will appear shortly.

the old English previous question, before we Americans changed its purpose, it is used to close debate either before or after debate has begun—but it can be applied to Government bills only after debate. Whether the previous question shall or shall not be put seems open to debate, but the question itself is not debatable. If carried, the main question is thrown out. This form of previous question cannot, however, be used unless urgency has been previously voted.

Debate is closed and a vote reached by what is called "*la clôture*," which may be put at any stage of the debate. It is not done, however, on the motion of a single member, but by the President on what seems to him sufficient demand on the part of the Chamber, a Chamber which seldom suffers in silence. One member even then may be heard against the *clôture*, and a Minister always, to whom a Deputy may probably reply. Adjournment of debate, if demanded, has precedence over *clôture*, and, if moved, must first be voted on.

So also, after *clôture* is ordered, there may be debate on the "position of the question," which probably means the effect of the vote, a situation which seems the same as that which we meet by making a "parliamentary inquiry" of the Speaker. Ministers, also, may be heard after *clôture*, and perhaps the Reporter of the Bill. Amendments may be withdrawn after *clôture*. With us they cannot be withdrawn after previous question ordered. Sometimes *clôture* is suspended to hear an orator, but, as the Digest warningly suggests, this ought to be limited to an exceptional man, "otherwise there will be no real *clôture*."

There is another peculiarity of the procedure in the French Chamber unlike anything we have, though we used to try to do a similar thing by suspension of the rules. When a member thinks the proceedings in regard to a bill should be abridged he demands urgency, and if the Chamber should agree with him much of the ordinary procedure would be eliminated and the bill would make speedy progress. Among other changes, there would be but one deliberation. The delays of distribution would be avoided and the procedure on amendments and articles of the bill become more speedy.

Points of order are made as with us and have priority, as does also the demand for the order of the day. To French parliamentary law the motion for indefinite postponement is unknown, though the previous question in certain cases would do the same work.

The method of voting has points of difference which perhaps are worth presenting. In ordinary cases, where the President "consults" the Chamber, a show of hands or the rising of members in their places is enough. If, however, after two attempts, the result seems doubtful to the bureau, the members deposit ballots, each of which has the member's name on it, and by difference of color indicate yes or no. At this stage it seems to be the custom for members to vote for their colleagues or neighbors if they happen to be absent. In some cases, where the result is important as well as doubtful, a vote by "*appel nominal*" is demanded in writing, which writing must be signed by twenty men. Each member is then obliged to go to the tribune, where his name is called, and deposit in the urn his ballot with his name on it, and of the color to express his vote, and to deposit, also, a ball in another receptacle so that tally of the vote can be kept. Forty members by demand in writing can claim a secret ballot, which takes place by the deposit of white or blue balls, with no names thereon.

The Probable Permanence of These Methods

There have been many efforts made to change the system of the French Chamber, and it is a great satisfaction to see the thorough pioneer work which has been done. In the recent report of M. Georges Graux can be found perhaps a more intelligent description of the practice of the English House of Commons than can be found in the English language. M. Graux is strongly in favor of establishing in the French Chamber the Committee of the Whole so as to secure fuller consideration and greater deliberation in matters relating to taxation and expenditures. But the fault of both the French and American systems is that there is not such responsibility as under the British system. It cannot be even proposed in the Parliament of England that the propositions of expenditure made by the Ministry shall be increased. The other nations allow any member to propose increase as well as reduction. Though very effective arguments can be made and have been made, based upon the equality of membership, the result, both in France and America, has been great expenditure and a growth from bad to worse of the idea that anything got from the general government for the benefit of the district is *spolia opima*, honorable booty, which entitles a member to reëlection whether the expenditure can be justified or not.

In France the Government has some nominal power over expenditures, but in actual practice it is not great. The first standing order or rule ever made by the House of Commons was that every motion for a money grant should be made in Committee of the Whole House. But this was not made permanent until March 29, 1707. The year before the House had resolved that it would not proceed upon any motion for a grant or charge upon the people "unless recommended from the Crown." But this was only a temporary expedient which became inoperative until 1713, when it was made permanent, and it still constitutes the second standing order.

The understanding which the two Chambers have with each other as to the method which each one shall employ in taking up the work of legislation where the other leaves it ought to be stated, though the procedure differs but little from our own.

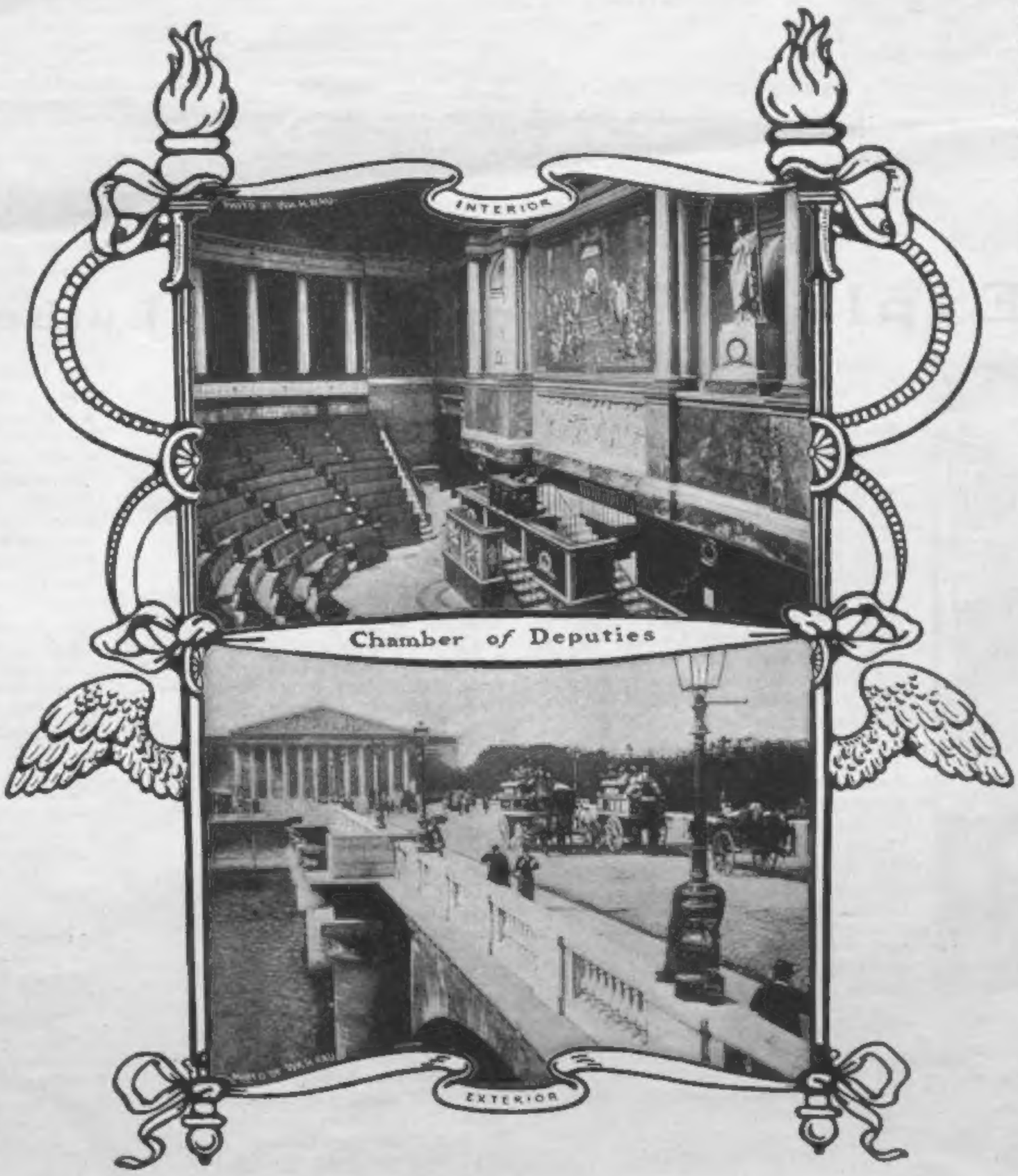
When one Chamber has passed a measure the President sends it to the President of the other with a letter of transmittal which is read in the open House. The bill thus sanctioned by one Chamber does not require the action of the Commission of the Initiative, but takes the same rank as if proposed by the Government. It goes directly before the bureaus. Moreover, the Chamber in possession can send it to a commission already named. If the Chamber which has passed the bill has done so under a demand for urgency the other Chamber, on receiving it, should be consulted to see if it desires urgency also. Each Chamber informs the other of its organization, and when both desire a recess, or temporary prorogation, the period is determined by a conference between the President of the Senate and the President of the Chamber of Deputies.

If either Chamber insists upon an amendment or change of the bill as it has passed the other Chamber, the bill goes to conference, if both bodies agree to so treat it, in a way which differs but little from our own methods. When the Conference Commission reports the new bill the Chamber deliberates upon the new form which the bill has received.

If the results of the conference are fruitless, or the Chambers continue to disagree, the proposition cannot be brought up again for two months unless on the authority and sanction of the Government.

The French parliamentary orator has one signal advantage over our own. The Chamber while yet thrilling with his eloquence may order the oration placarded in every commune in the country. It sometimes happens that cold print does not seem to justify the fervor of the Chamber, but the order cannot be recalled.

Author's Note—I am very much indebted to the kindness of M. Bruwaert, the French Consul-General, for documents and information which he has furnished me now and at other times.



Uncle Sam's Obsolete Money

UNCLE SAM has made a good many mistakes in the planning of his currency system, and thus it comes about that various kinds of money formerly in common use in this country have been withdrawn from circulation entirely and are now regarded as obsolete. Under this head come the old-time fractional paper notes, as well as a number of coins of different denominations, authorized from time to time by Congress, turned out for a while at the mints, and finally withdrawn.

Much of this obsolete money is still outstanding, having never been redeemed by the Treasury. A stream of it comes steadily dribbling into the national strong-boxes at Washington, amounting to a few thousand dollars' worth every year, and the paper part of it is destroyed in the usual way, while nearly all of the coins are sent to the mint in Philadelphia to be melted and utilized as bullion. Under no ordinary circumstances will the Treasury pay out any of these out-of-date tokens of value, inasmuch as it is desired to withdraw them from circulation as far as possible.

Owing to their rarity nowadays, the one-dollar and three-dollar gold pieces are in demand, and applications for them are frequently addressed to the Treasury. So few of them are taken in by the Department that, instead of converting them into bullion, it is thought better to keep them, and occasionally a few are given out at the discretion of the Treasurer, though only when it is understood that they are not intended for circulation. They are worth a considerable premium in the market at the present time.

It will be remembered that the one-dollar gold coin was first minted in 1849, and that its issue was stopped in 1890, chiefly for the reason that, owing to its small size, it was so easily lost. The three-dollar piece, which was withdrawn in the same year, had the disadvantage of being readily mistaken for a cent and spent as such, to the subsequent disgust of the owner. Besides, it was hard to count, and could not be put up in bags of $1000 or $5000 even.

One is surprised to find that no fewer than ten coins of silver and baser metals, formerly current in the United States, are now obsolete. To begin with, there is the old-fashioned copper cent, authorized in 1789, the first specimens of which were minted for the Government by James Jarvis at New Haven, Connecticut. This coin, as first issued, contained 264 grains of copper, the intention being that it should be worth about one cent as bullion; but within a year it was reduced to 208 grains, and three years later to 168 grains. There are at the present time more than 118,000,000 of these ancient coppers unaccounted for, and as yet unredeemed by the Treasury, but goodness only knows what has become of them. Also there are still outstanding great numbers of the old copper half-cents, minted first in 1792 and withdrawn in 1857, which were intended to correspond in value to English farthings.

In earlier days the minting of money by private individuals in this country, which now is rigidly forbidden by law, was not uncommon. During the gold-hunting period in California coins were struck by many companies and refineries, and the Mormons in Utah issued a series of gold half-eagles, eagles and double-eagles, bearing on one side an eye and on the other the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord." These Mormon pieces were far from pure, and, in fact, all of the coins struck by the private mints had the same tendency, the temptation to debase them being naturally great. Some were three-fourths base metal.

The Methods *of* Men *of* Genius—*By* William Mathews

ALMOST every author has his idiosyncrasy and can do his work satisfactorily only at special hours, amid particular surroundings, and in a particular way. It is easy to see that certain works could have been produced only amid peculiar and favorable surroundings. Some writers, like Alfieri, feel the glow and fervor of literary composition most fully when listening to fine music; others are baffled unless all about them is quiet. Considering that nearly all literary men of genius have finely-strung and exquisitely sensitive nerves, it is not strange that they have a mortal antipathy to noise. The poet Beattie suffered keenly from the crowing of a cock, and the great German philosopher Kant abandoned a pleasant house because his work was interrupted by the shrill notes of a neighbor's chanticleer. A few authors, like Arnold, of Rugby, Priestley and Beddoes, write best in the family room; others are powerless outside of their own den. One author, like Goldsmith, can write well only when *en déshabillé;* another, only in full dress.

It was, no doubt, a natural instinct which prompted the old musical composers to don their court dresses, with bag-wigs and ruffles, when they were about to begin their work. Haydn arrayed himself for his divine task in full court costume, his peruke sprinkled with powder, his wrists encircled with delicate ruffles of fine lace and his fingers covered with rings of precious stones. Richardson, the novelist, required a laced suit, and a diamond on his finger, before he could portray the sufferings of a Pamela or a Clarissa Harlowe, or depict the courtly, ultra-perfect Sir Charles Grandison with his eternal bowing and solemn handshaking. Buffon was another spruce, trim and stately author who from title-page to colophon wrote in bagwig and ruffles. He could not think to good purpose except in full dress and with hair elaborately arranged. For an external stimulus to his brain he used to have a hair-dresser interrupt his work twice, and sometimes thrice, a day. Rousseau was wont to sit at his desk in full dress, like Handel at the organ, and he wrote the amatory billets that passed between Julie and Saint-Preux in what Burke called "that famous work of philosophic gallantry," La Nouvelle Héloise, on scented note-paper with the finest of crow-quills. With a similar regard for the fitness of his literary tools, Thomas Moore, the pet of punsters, peeresses and the public, wore always a pair of kid gloves when he was writing, the ends of which he was wont to nibble when in the throes of literary composition, till the tips of all the fingers were quite bitten through. His brilliant Oriental romance, Lalla Rookh, was written in a cottage blocked up by snow, with an English winter howling around.

Goethe, notwithstanding his love of art and passion for beauty, wrote in a room devoid of decoration, on a plain table, with few books and no pictures or scenery in view. Lamartine, on the contrary, composed in a studio adorned with tropical plants, birds and every other luxury to cheer the senses around him. Paley and Hazlitt, when they wished to write with unusual care, used to go into the country and take a room in a wayside inn. Shelley wrote his Revolt of Islam while lying in a boat on the Thames at Marlow. Burns composed his inspiriting lyric, Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace Bled, while galloping on horseback over a wild moor in Scotland, and Tam O'Shanter in the woods overhanging the Doon. Bloomfield composed and carried in his memory one-half of his poem, The Farmer's Boy, without penning a word of it, while he was working with other shoemakers in a garret. Doctor Johnson drudged at his great Dictionary in a low London lodging-house, with a cat purring near and orange-peel and tea at his elbow.

Bacon usually wrote in a small room because he thought it helped to condense his thoughts. Cowper's delightful pictures of rural and indoor life, with his satires and lyrics, and the comic ballad of John Gilpin, were penned in a nook which he called his boudoir—"a summer-house not bigger than a sedan chair," the door of which opened into a garden crowded in summer with pinks, roses and honeysuckles, and the window into his neighbor's orchard. It was secure from all noise and a refuge from all intrusion. The poet Young also wrote much of his verse in a summer house in a garden.

Charles Kingsley used to brood over his subjects till he had mastered them and even clothed his ideas with words, in the open air—in his garden, on the moor or on the bank of some lonely trout stream. He then dictated what he had thus prepared to his wife as he walked to and fro in his study, seldom altering a phrase or a word. Armand Carrel wrote his History of the Counter Revolution in England in the back shop of a bookseller, on a desk to which was fastened a large Newfoundland dog, which he from time to time caressed as he finished his paragraphs. Longfellow's Wreck of the Hesperus came into his mind as he was sitting by the fireside on the night after a violent storm. "He went to bed, but could not sleep. The Hesperus would not be denied; and, as he lay, the verses flowed on without let or hindrance until the poem was completed."

Emerson was no slave to times, places or environment as a writer. He went out early into the woods to hunt a thought, as a boy might hunt a butterfly, and, when he had caught an idea, pinned the prize in his cabinet by jotting it in his Thought Book. Down the captive went, without any regard to order, and when he needed it for a lecture or essay inquisition was made, and, by the aid of an index, the thoughts which fitted the subject in hand were unearthed, polished and linked together, as he himself said, "like beads on a thread;" but, as Dr. Richard Garnett observes, a *mosaic* would have been more accurately descriptive. Like Alexander Pope, he would leave his bed at night to cage a thought. "Are you ill, my dear?" said his wife one night, suddenly waking as she heard him moving about. "No, only an idea," he replied, as he jotted it down.

Dryden prepared himself sometimes for literary work by restricting himself to a cooling diet. He considered stewed prunes as one of the best inducements to heroic composition. He wrote with remarkable ease and rapidity—the result of which was many pages of bad verse as well as some of the highest excellence. His Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day—one of the most vigorous lyrics in our language, which "rushes on with a flow and a swing like that of Pindar himself"—was thrown off at a single jet and in the space of a few hours. Gibbon, the historian of the monumental Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, made many experiments in writing before he could hit the happy medium between a dull, humdrum style and rhetorical declamation.

Jonathan Edwards thought out his massive work on The Freedom of the Human Will while walking in the shade of an elm at Northampton, Massachusetts. Wordsworth composed his poems in the open air, where, as his rustic neighbors said, he was always *booing about.* He used to go to bed on concluding his morning walk, and, while breakfasting there, dictate the lines he had put together on the mountain side. Rogers, the banker-poet, whose inspiration lasted till he had reached fourscore and ten, was one of the most fastidious, not to say fussy and finical, of writers, and is said to have dawdled a fortnight over a single note to his Italy, consisting of but a few lines. One of his crotchets was that all the best verse might be improved by condensation. In vain would you warn him that to strip Burke or Jeremy Taylor of what he called redundancies overlaying the sense was like stripping a tree of its blossoms and foliage in order to bring out the massy roundness of the trunk. "There," he exclaimed one evening after displaying one of Burke's noblest passages (in which every word has its appointed task) reduced to less than one-half its original dimensions, "there, concentrated as it now is, it would blow up a cathedral!"

Macaulay's limpid and flowing style was the result of ceaseless labor. "He could not rest," says Mr. Trevelyan, his admirable biographer, "until every paragraph concluded with a telling sentence, and every sentence flowed like running water." Having learned by repeated trials that two pages of his History was as much as he could do at his best in a day, he called this his task and was never quite easy unless he completed it daily.

Whole chapters of the work were replanned and rewritten with ungrudging care.

"What labor," he writes in his Diary, "it is to make a tolerable book; and how little readers know how much trouble the ordering of parts has cost the writer! What trouble these few pages have cost me! The great object is, that they may read as if they had been spoken off, and seem to flow as easily as table-talk!"

George Eliot toiled on her manuscript six hours a day, throwing her whole force into her work and yet writing during that time but three or four hundred words. In writing her most powerful passages "a not herself," she says, took possession of her and she worked in a state of intense excitement and agitation, as if she herself were possessed by the spirits of the people she was portraying. Romola was composed in constant gloom. "I began it a young woman," she once said; "I finished it an old woman."

HIS Explanation—*By* John Luther Long

For Miss Penelope Génét,
The Spire, Philadelphia, Pa.

New Haven, Connecticut

Dear Pen:

Of course you understand
The smallest finger on *your* hand
Is worth a good deal more to me
Than all the thumbs and fingers *she*—
By "she" I mean Rosanna Bell.
Perhaps I'd better stop and tell
You just exactly how it was—
So that—you'll *know*—just *how*—it *was*—
It's awful hard, dear, to—begin!
Seems like "Confession"—now—of *sin!*
But, honest, Pen, I never thought
Of sin until your letter brought
Me up with such a happy turn—
And sad, too, dear, as you will learn.
Pen, dear, I'm on my knees, you know,
So let your mercy freely flow.
You'd never strike a man, I'm sure
While he is down—taking his cure.
Well—while your note was traveling round
I met Miss Bell and quickly found
That she was balm for injured hearts.
Then came the play. We both had parts—
I, Romeo! Now you can see
Just how it happened, Pen!—for *she*
Played Juliet! She had to cry
So much that I—at last—well—I—
You know the play is *full* of tears
And maiden's maddening hopes and fears,
And she looked lovely in a frock
Of *crêpe de chine,* and on the rock—
(Out in the garden, don't you know—
By far the best scene in the show!)—
She sobbed so hard (*real* tears, Pen, dear!)
By Jove it was too sad to hear!
(You know I am a silly ass
About a woman's tears! Alas!
I cry *myself* sometimes! Remember
That frigid morning in December?—
"Good-by—*Pen!*" "*Jack!*—good-by!"
Ah, Heaven!
That was as late as Ninety-Seven!)
And so, when I had said that stuff
About her suffering enough
(I think that was it. But no matter
Precisely what the kind of chatter)
And no one seemed to look that way
(It was a little matinée
And all the company I'm certain
Were peeping through holes in the curtain)
I—"*comforted*" her—Pen—and—she—
She didn't *mind*—nor *I*, Pen—*See?*
I *didn't* mean it—but suppose
When next I call I must propose
And be rejected—just because
I squeezed her hand and loosed my jaws!
But just suppose she *shouldn't* throw me!
Ben says he'll hire a grave to stow me!
But he thinks, too, I've got to do it
Or seem a blooming cad all through it.
(I haven't told him who it is
For she's an old-time chum of his
And I expect he'd think it proper
To take her part—and me my cropper!)
Of course I thought she'd understand
It was the play—*not* the "glad hand."
(Ben laughed and told me that she said:
"He's *lovely*—when he's lost his head!")
But, Pen, she didn't! There you are!
Perhaps I went a bit too far—
I always do that—as *you* know—
I've got to go the course or go
Off. There's no other way about—
Unless *you*, Pen, can help me out?
I don't exactly—*quite*—know how—
But you're the *dearest* girl, Pen, *now*—
And clever! Dear, you're *awful* clever!
If you can't help me, Ben can't—Never!
And I should hate to lose you just
Because I've been an ass—or must
Be. See, it was a frightful case
Of fractured heart and pretty face!
And all because your loving letter
Was not addressed a little better!
It really was *your* fault, sweetheart,
For playing such a shy, sweet part.
A note addressed to *me* in Heaven!
Dear, it was only one in seven—
Its chance of ever reaching me
In time or in eternity!
But, when it did come, neatly taking
My *congé* back and sweetly making
Your Jack the gayest chap on earth—
I *sang!*—I *danced!*—to shed my mirth!—
Then happened to remember Rose!
Pen, dear, I simply stood and *froze!*
Great Scott! I couldn't tell—(Just fancy!)
If I were her or your *fiancé!*
I'll tell you what, my darling Pen,
I'll ask Ben Barrow—dear old Ben!—
If he won't go and—*cut me out!*
Aha! He'll do it there's no doubt!
And he's a fellow one can trust!
(I *must* trust some one, Pen, I *must!*)
But if *he* won't and *I* must do it—
Please *don't* say, Pen, "Of course! He knew it!"
I didn't know—indeed not, Pen—
That you'd capitulated then—
Or ever would. You seemed so certain—
You turned me out—and dropped the curtain!
You surely know I *didn't* know—
Or Rose'd had no Romeo—
I think I'll wait, my dearest Pen,
To hear from you—at least—again.
And, tell me, please, just what to do—
I don't love her—*now*—only you.
I promise, if you'll help me back
To you, to be

Yours *only,*

Jack.

The Crew of the Kamma Funder

By Morley Roberts

THE stars of European science, that had been shining in a wonderful constellation over Quebec, were just about to leave Canada in that well-known comfortable liner, the Nipigon, when a most annoying thing happened. The cattle-ship Abbitibbe, never famous at any time for minding her helm, got her steam steering-gear jammed as she was passing the Nipigon, and took a wide sheer to port when she should have altered her course to starboard. The peaceful preparations of the passenger boat were broken up, and her crew received the wild charge of the Abbitibbe with curses, which, though effectual in heating the atmosphere, were of no use as a fender. The Nipigon was cut down to the water's edge, and the Scientific Lights of Europe were much put out. They hurried ashore in the most irregular and unscientific manner and, having sent others for their baggage, began to make preparations for going to New York, as no other good passenger boat was leaving the St. Lawrence for a week.

But Nature, possibly out of revenge for the unseemly curiosity evinced by all men of science, was beforehand with them. Misfortunes, as was once observed by an intelligent if pessimistic anthropoid ape, never come singly. It was the twelfth of November, and a sudden blizzard, bringing all the snow it could carry, broke up communication with the south. If the men of science were to keep their appointments with their universities, it was necessary to sail from Canada at once. They shipped themselves, under protest, upon the Nemagosenda, of 2900 tons register, which was little better than a tramp, and was commanded by Captain Joseph Prowse.

"Immortal Jehoshaphat!" said Captain Prowse; "here's a go! What, me, with passengers? Oh, get out!"

"You've got to take them in," said the agent philosophically. "Maybe they'll teach you something. And it'll be a good advertisement."

"Gah'n," said Prowse; "carryin' scientific jossers won't bring better freight next season. I wish you'd get me chock up with cattle. I can't stand scientists; my sister married one that was an 'erbalist in the Old Kent Road, and since 'e went to chokey I've lost conceit with science. However, if it must be, why, send 'em along!"

Captain Prowse was not a popular skipper with sailors. They said that he was a "hard nut," and a "sailor-robber," and that his American experience had made him nearly as deadly as any American captain with a belaying-pin. But sailors' experience only works backward; they are good at reminiscence only, and the Nemagosenda got a crew in spite of the Captain's reputation. It is possible they would not have shipped if they had known that men of European light and leading were to come with them. Those who follow the sea have a great respect for knowledge, but they despise men in soft hats and spectacles. And it cannot be denied that scientific men are, as a rule, too simple and gentle to look as if they could take care of themselves.

According to Jack, that is the first duty of man, though he premises, naturally, that even the toughest courage and the greatest skill may frequently come to grief about women.

"A thunderin' measly lot," said Simpkins, A. B., when the scientific passengers came on board; "why, they're all soft 'ats but one! And long beards! And three out of four with specs! Holy sailor, what a gang!"

Harris nodded.

"Why, there's twenty of 'em, Bill, but I'll bet a plug of the best to an old chew that me and you goin' for'm wiv belayin'-pins could do up the 'ole crowd in five minutes."

"You've sized 'em up," said Simpkins with a sneer. And then the Captain roared.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the mate. "Let go! All gone, sir! Now then, haul in."

And the Nemagosenda went out into the stream.

It took some three days or so for the men of science to settle down, for during the first few days the pathology of sea-sickness occupied all their attention: they had no time for other things. But when their last all-night session was over, and they were seen again upon deck, the affairs of the Nemagosenda became interesting. The mate and the port watch developed long-threatened divergencies, and Captain Prowse came to the assistance of his chief officer with a brass belaying-pin. As the result of this a division arose in the scientific ranks. The Political Economist argued with the Statistician.

"Statistics prove that the common sailor must be treated with sternness," said the authority on figures.

"The Captain is a brute," said the Political Economist, "and for two pins I would tell him so. You cannot neglect the human factor——"

"——Says Political Economy," sneered the Statistician.

And then the Geologist, who was a man of sense, said they were all talking rot. The discussion on the deck was broken up by the Captain, who came up from below with a face like the northwest moon in a fog. Having demanded the presence of the crew aft, he gave them an address on their duties to their superiors.

"You think yourselves a fine lot of chaps," said the Captain fiercely, "but my opinion of you is that you are a scaly crowd of wharf-rats, and all your relations of both sexes are no better than they should be. So, look here, I'll have you know I'm Captain Joseph Prowse, and the man that gives any slack-jaw to any officer of mine gives it to me. And the man that gives it to me will wish he was dead before he sees Liverpool. That's me. I'm Captain Joseph Prowse, so I am, and any crew under me has got to know it. I'm king here, and I'll wade in blood before I get off my throne. Mr. Watts, put this crawling lot to holystoning the deck!"

And Captain Joseph joined the scientific passengers.

"All crews is the same, gentlemen," he said thickly; "there's something deep and dark in the nature of things as makes 'em so. Those that do the rough work on board ships are just so necessarily, and if I was to ship a crew of angels, though they might be handy for going aloft, they'd turn devils by the time they'd ate a pound of beef and biscuit."

"Have you ever tried kindness and persuasion?" asked the Meteorologist.

The Captain looked him up and down.

"Ever tried it!" he ejaculated scornfully; "'Ave I ever tried anything else? It's kindness to sailor-men to let 'em know who's boss. Spare the belayin'-pin and the 'and-spike and you'll spoil the sailor. Oh, Solomon know'd his business when he used them words. He didn't sail to Ophir for nothin'."

"But, Captain Prowse," said the meek gentleman, whose great subject was cannibalism, "isn't it very unpleasant work rubbing the decks with stones this cold weather?"

"Unpleasant!" said the skipper. "And what do you think? Was I proposin' to reward 'em?"

"I suppose not," said the Ethnologist, "but I'm sure it's awful work. *I* could never do it."

Captain Prowse snorted.

"Oh, yes, you could, if you was in my crew," he remarked. "If one of you gents was Captain you'd find this crowd couldn't do nothing but sit in the foc'sle and drink 'ot coffee. It's all accordin' to where you are, and what kind of a man's on top."

"In other words, circumstance creates character," said the Statistician.

"That's a ridiculous exaggeration," said the authority on heredity. "A man is what he is born."

Captain Joseph Prowse laughed scornfully.

"He's what I makes of him, and if you was under me I'd make you sailors afore you suspected it. By the way, can you tell me what branch of science an 'erbalist belongs to?"

—"Me and you goin' for'm wiv belayin'-pins could do up the 'ole crowd in five minutes"

And the conversation followed more pleasant lines.

The Nemagosenda, although little better than a tramp in her appearance, could do her ten knots an hour on less than twenty tons of coal a day, and she soon got out to the Banks, where the men of science discussed fishing, and the color of sea-water, and icebergs.

"Yes," said the Geologist, "an iceberg swims on an average seven-eighths below and an eighth above."

"Gammon," said Captain Prowse rudely; "why, any sailor knows better. I'm surprised at a scientific josser like you bein' so ignorant. It's one-third above water and two below; you ask my mate if it isn't so."

"Ah, thanks, I will," said the Geologist pleasantly. "Mr. Watts is a well-informed man?"

"Rather," said Prowse, nodding; "there's not a den o' thieves in any port in Europe he can't find blindfold. And

'e knows more about icebergs than me, for he once went a trip in a Dundee whaler. He ain't proud of it, and don't talk of it much, for whalers is no class, as you may guess. But he's keen on knowledge, is Watts; I'll say that for him. You might do worse than ask him for some ackerate information. He's a perfect whale on fogs, too!"

If Mr. Watts was the authority on fogs that his Captain made out he soon had an opportunity of showing it, for halfway across the Banks it was impossible to see farther than one could throw half a hundredweight, and the Nemagosenda went tooting in darkness. But every now and again in this dim world the men of science were alarmed and entertained by sudden battles in blasphemy between Captain Prowse, or the well-informed Mr. Watts, and the crew of a Bank fisherman. For fog blankets sound in the oddest, most erratic way, and the throb of a screw cannot always be heard even in the calmest foggy weather. Such swearing matches between the Nemagosenda and a smack were, when apparently good for three minutes or so, sometimes sliced right in two by the sudden dropping down of what the Meteorologist called an "anacoustic" wall of fog.

"Where the blue, blinding blazes are you coming to?" asked a faint nocturne. And when Captain Prowse had expended his last carefully prepared oration, the right of maritime reply only conferred an audible, "Oh, you dog!"

"We have to thank the anacoustic properties of that fog bank for the sudden conclusion," said the Meteorologist; "for if I'm any judge of human nature that smacksman is still firing red-hot words into space."

"Yes, sir," said Prowse indignantly, "they're a foul-mouthed lot. It's as much as I can do to keep even with them. But I'll slow down no more."

He telegraphed "full speed ahead," and left Mr. Watts with awfully worded instructions to sink anything, from a battleship to the meanest brig afloat. In the saloon he sat at the head of the table and drank rum hot.

"Science proves that rum 'ot is the sailor's drink," said Captain Prowse, "and the correct drink. For we all drink it and flourish on it. And the reason is that it goes by contraries. It's cold work bein' at sea and so we takes it 'ot; and the sea is salt, so we takes it sweet. And it comes from the West Indies."

"And that proves it," said the Geologist warmly. "What a head you have, Captain Prowse!"

The skipper nodded.

"You may well say so," he affirmed. "A phrenologist gave me a chart of my 'end once, a scientific chart with the soundings wrote out plain, and what proved him right was his sayin' that 'ere and there I was too deep for him. And I paid him a guinea. Well worth it, it was, for he said, 'You get married,' and I done so, and Mrs. Prowse hasn't her living equal. I wish I'd brought that chart with me. It would have interested you gents to know what a brother scientist thought of me."

"It would, indeed," said the Pathologist.

"But there, I'll tell you what I can," said Prowse; "I'm a downrighter, that's me; I'm Captain of my boat, I am, and if I was afloat in a hencoop with all its crew I'd like to see the cock as would crow before I gave him orders. Authority comes nat'ral to me. I'll be boss wherever I am (Hancocks, more rum), and I would have succeeded in whatever I took hold of. Phrenology told me so, wrote out plain. And I've a kind of leanin' toward science ever since that phrenologist put 'is 'and on my 'end, and said with a start of surprise, 'Captain, you're a wonder!' But I've always wondered what it was as made scientific chaps look so 'elpless (Hancocks, more rum). But don't you fret, gents. I'm Captain Joseph Prowse, and I'll put you safe ashore or die in the attempt."

And as he again ejaculated "Hancocks, more rum," he fell asleep upon the table.

"Gentlemen," said the Geologist, "as our interests are now secure, I vote we go to bed."

But it was still a heavy fog and the Nemagosenda was doing her ten knots an hour. Other steamers were doing the same or even more. Some twenty-knot liners slowed down (in order that they might say that they had slowed down) to about nineteen knots and a half; and some, acting on the theory that the sooner they went through the fog-belt the better for every one, gave their engines all the steam they could make and stepped out for America or England at the pace of

an indolent torpedo-boat. And the result of this was that at about four bells in the middle watch, when the mate's aching eyes could see forty imaginary steamers where there was none, he omitted to observe, till it was too late, that there was a real one coming for him. The Nemagosenda uttered one long, horrid wail, which was answered in vain, and the next minute the men of science were shot out of their bunks, and their steamer was taking in the Atlantic through a hole about the size of a dock-gate.

What became of the lucky, or unlucky, boat which got her blow in first the crew of the sinking steamer did not inquire. They heard her toot in the distance, and in answer they blew their whistle for help. But though a whistle in a fog may be evidence of good faith, it is not necessarily for wide publication, and it is quite possible that the stranger, if it did not sink, lost its bearings in the fog, and went off in the wrong direction. At any rate, the crew and passengers of the Nemagosenda found themselves adrift in three boats, and in less than a quarter of an hour they heard, though they could not see, their steamer blow her deck out and disappear.

"All up with the Goose-ender," said the crew sulkily; "and now of course it will blow."

As ill-luck and hurry would have it, in the last rush for life most of the crew had tumbled into the mate's and second mate's boats. With the lights of science were the Captain and Simpkins, A. B. And the boats lost each other in the fog.

"Immortal Jehoshaphat!" said Mr. Joseph Prowse; "this is a pretty state of affairs. That man-drowning swine of a liner! I 'ope she's gone down! I 'ope the codfish are nixing her Captain up and sayin' what they think of him. Simpkins, keep holloaing! Where's them other boats?"

"I can't holler no more, sir," whispered Simpkins hoarsely; "my throat's give out."

And as the wind arose the three boats drifted apart. Four eminent scientific persons at the oars kept their boat head on to sea, and six other eminent persons lay on the bottom boards and wished they were dead until the day crawled into the east and showed them that they were alone.

It was a chill and watery dawn, and as the boat topped the cold, green waves on the edge of the Bank the prospect was eminently unkind. The wind was not heavy, but it blew hard enough to bring the spray of each curling wave inboard, and every one was soaked to the skin. The sky was lowering and overcast, and though the fog was dissipated a mist covered the sun till it looked, as Simpkins remarked, about as warm as a new tin plate.

It must be said for Captain Joseph Prowse that he retained in some measure those characteristics of authority which he claimed for himself, and, by a forced optimism, which the nature of his crew made him adopt, he endeavored to cheer them up.

"My luck's temporary out," he declared with some show of cheerfulness; "but it ain't the first time I've been run down, and I tell you, gents, it won't be the last. And it's clean against the nature of things for so many learned men to come to grief at one fell blow. 'Ere or there a scientific josser may come to grief in a crowd, but so many bein' together is the best of insurances. I'll pull you through, you mind me. All I ask you to remember is that I'm Captain, and what I says goes, now and always."

"It's all very well," said the Meteorologist, whose temper was going with the skin of his hands, "but we all thought you had no right to run so fast in a fog."

Captain Prowse gasped, and then recovered himself.

"Didn't I tell you I was Captain here, same as in the steamer?"

"You did," said the sulky man of science.

"Then hold your jaw," said Captain Prowse. "When you, or the likes of you, is asked for criticism it'll be time for you to give it. Till then you'll give your Captain no lectures on the running of his vessel. God and the Queen's enemies 'as sunk my ship, but nobody 'as took away my natural gift of authority. So, shut up!"

And though the Meteorologist choked with rage, he said no more. Simpkins and the Captain consulted.

"We're right in the track of steamers, more or less," said Captain Prowse, "and it bein' so damp we can hang out without much drink for a day or so. And biscuit we 'ave plenty."

Simpkins nodded.

"Yes, sir, but this 'ere's a sulky, useless lot, sir!"

"So they are," said Prowse, "but they'll 'ave to shape themselves as I bid 'em. The first crooked word and there'll be a man of science missin' out of this bright gal-acksy of talent. I don't care if they was my owners, I'd run 'em all the same. They ain't passengers any more; they're my crew."

He took a drink out of a flask and sank back into the stern sheets.

"I want you men to keep your eyes skinned," he said presently. "Which of you is the Astronomer?"

"I am," answered the bow oar, who was a long, thin man in a wide-awake and spectacles.

"Then keep a bright lookout or you'll see stars," said Prowse. "And while I'm on it, I want you jossers to know that you ain't passengers no more, but a boat's crew, and my boat's crew, and you'll have to look lively when I sing out. So the sooner we get a bit farther south the better it will be. That will do."

And muttering that he meant being Captain whether he was on an ice-floe or a mud-barge, he fell asleep and snored.

"This brute is coming out in his true colors now," said the Astronomer. "What did he mean by saying I should see stars?"

"I believe you've killed him"

"Begging your pardon, sir," said Simpkins, "he meant he'd plug you."

"Plug me?"

"Bung your eye up; and he'd do it, too! Oh, a rare chap is the Captain; why, some years half his money goes in fines."

"I wish I was ashore," said the Astronomer; "and when I am I'll see he never gets another job."

Simpkins eyed the sleeping skipper in alarm.

"Best not let 'im 'ear you, matey," he cried. "He'd haze you to death."

"Haze me?"

"Work you up," said the seaman.

"What's that?"

"And I tho't you was all learn'd!" said Simpkins with great contempt. "I mean he'd just sock it to you till you was fair broke up."

The day passed without any incident of vital importance. It is true they sighted the smoke of a steamer hull down on the southern horizon, but they saw nothing else across the waste of heaving water. Every now and then the Captain woke up and made a few remarks on the nature of authority, and what he proposed doing to those who did not "knuckle under," but the night fell without any sign of mutiny on the part of the scientific crew.

In the very early dawn the Astronomer, who had slept in uneasy snatches, woke up for the tenth time and changed his position. Simpkins and the Geologist were keeping the boat before the sea, which was running southeast, and they were both half blind with fatigue.

"I believe I see something out there," said the Astronomer.

"You are always seein' suthin'," said Simpkins crossly, but as he spoke he looked around and almost dropped his oar.

"Wake up, Captain!" he shouted; "here's a barque almost so near we could touch her!"

The skipper roused up and with him the rest. They jumped to their feet.

"Sit down, sit down, you gang of idiots," said the Captain; "d'ye want to capsize us?"

"Oh, we are saved, we are saved!" said the Ethnologist.

For within half a mile of them a vessel lay with her maintopsail aback. There was nothing odd about her to the uneducated eye, but the skipper looked at Simpkins, and Simpkins looked at the skipper.

"Derelict," said both.

For with such a light breeze it was absurd to see a barque with nothing set but a maintopsail (that being close reefed) and the fore topmast staysail.

"She has seen us," said the Geologist.

"Seen your grandmother," said the skipper rudely. "There ain't a soul aboard her, and she's water-logged and loaded with lumber out of Halifax, and she's a Norwegian and about six hundred tons register. Get the oars out. If her decks *are* awash she'll be better than this boat."

By the time they came within a hundred yards of her it was broad daylight, and the least maritime member of any European scientific society was able to form an opinion as to her being derelict. As she rolled the water came out of her scuppers, for her main deck was level with the sea. Half the gear was let go, and most of the yards were chafing through their parrals; the main topgallant yard, indeed, was only hanging by the tie and the lifts, and came crash against the mast every time the sea lifted the vessel's bows. Half the bulwarks were gone and the remains of the displaced deck cargo showed through the gaps.

"Row up close, sir," said Simpkins, "and I'll jump."

"No," said Captain Prowse, "not with this lot. I wouldn't go near her with a crew of misfits like these, not for money. We'll go a bit closer and you must swim."

And in ten minutes Simpkins was on board. He threw the end of a vang across the boat and they brought her astern.

"Thank Heaven," said the men of science as they trod the slippery decks of the Kamma Funder.

But their troubles were only just beginning.

The skipper walked aft on the slippery deck and climbed upon the poop by way of the rail, for some of the loose lumber had dislodged and smashed the poop ladder. When he found his foot upon his native heath he was once more Captain Joseph Prowse in all his glory, and, turning about, he addressed his crew.

"Simpkins," he said, "you are chief officer, second officer, and bo'sun, and don't you forget it. As for you others, I'll have you know that you're the crew. Just drop any kind of high-toned notion that you are passengers, and we'll get along easy, but, if you don't, look out for squalls. Simpkins, turn this useless lot to throwin' the remains of the deck cargo overboard, and try a couple of 'em at the pumps. Maybe her seams may have closed up again by now."

And, going aft to the scuttle, he disappeared from view.

"Well," said the Geologist, "of all the infernal ——"

"Oh, stow that," cried Simpkins, "and turn to. You're here, ain't you?—and lucky you should consider yourself. And the Captain's a man of his word, as I know. So look slippy, and pass this bloomin' truck over the side."

The miserable crew looked at each other in despair.

"Come, now," said Simpkins impatiently, "do you want me to report you chaps as refusin' duty?"

The Geologist, who was the youngest and sturdiest man in the crowd, said that he did. But the Astronomer and the Entomologist remonstrated with him.

"I think we'd better," said the unhappy Insect-man. "This Prowse seems a regular brute."

"He is," said the Astronomer, "and I pray to Heaven that he doesn't find any rum on board."

But Heaven did not listen, and the Captain presently came on deck with a flushed face.

"Simpkins," roared Prowse, as his head appeared over the edge of the scuttle.

"Yes, sir," said the new mate.

"Is that lumber over the side yet?"

"Quick, for 'eaven's sake," said Simpkins, and the reluctant men of science commenced sliding the boards over.

"It's going, sir," answered Simpkins.

"Goin'," said Prowse, when he got his hands on the after poop rail. "Goin', I should say so! What a crowd! Oh, you miserable things, I'll shape you; I'll get you into condition; I'll make sailors of you. Get two of these hoosiers on to the pumps and see if she's leakin' very bad, and then we'll make sail. This 'ere Kamma Funder won't make a quick passage, but by the time we're picked up or sail 'er 'ome I'll make you chaps fit to ship in the worst Cape Horner that ever sailed."

He turned away, but stopped.

"And when the deck's clear, Simpkins, you can let 'em eat what they can get. There's plenty of biscuit, but mighty little else. Now then, Stars, pump."

And the Astronomer and Entomologist pumped for their lives, while the sea round about the water-logged barque was whitening very rapidly with many thousand feet of New Brunswick lumber. For when the Captain was out of sight Simpkins was encouraging, and talked what he told them was "horse" sense.

"You wants to get back 'ome to your families, don't you?" he asked, "and to your instruments and to your usual ways of livin'? Why, of course you does. Then buck up, and pitch in and learn to do your dooty. I'm not a hard man, I can make allowances, I know you didn't ship to do this. But it's your luck and you must. Now then, that'll do. Just lay into this pump, all of you, and I'll sound 'er again."

And as good luck would have it, there soon appeared some reason for hoping that the leaks in the Kamma Funder had closed.

"Blimy," said Simpkins, "we'll 'ave her sailin' like a witch yet. Chuck yerselves into it, and I'll call the Captain."

But the Captain was fast asleep in the bunk of the late skipper.

"What's become of her crew?" asked the new crew as they sat around the deck and ate their biscuit.

"Took off by a steamer," said Simpkins. "You see they've left their boats, and the Captain says the ship's papers 'as gone. So they was took off for sure."

"I wish we were taken off," said the weary Astronomer.

"That'll come, I dessay," said the consolatory Simpkins, "but if we sails 'er 'ome, we'll get salvage and your time won't be wasted. So cheer up, and let's make sail, while a couple of you keeps the pumps agoin'."

The wind by now was a light northwesterly breeze, and, though the barque worked heavily and wallowed in the sea, Simpkins got her before the wind and put the Geologist at the helm.

"Keep the wind in the back o' your neck," said Simpkins to the nervous helmsman, "and I'll loose the foresail."

He jumped up aloft and loosed the foresail and two fore topsails. Coming down he got the scientific crew to work.

"Here, you, ketch hold of this and pull. There, that will do. Belay! Tie the thing up, I mean, on that thing, you silly ass!"

And the member of the Royal Society, who was thus addressed for the first time since he had left school, made the starboard foresheet fast to the cleat.

"You ain't such an ass as you wants to make out," said Simpkins as he watched him critically; "me and the Captain will soon put you chaps in shape. Now then, all of you! Fore topsail 'alliards! Stretch it out and lay back. Which of you can sing?"

They declared that none of them could.

"Then I must," said Simpkins. And he gave them the chanty, "Handily, boys, so handy," until the topsail was well up. And just as the crew were looking aloft with a

strange new feeling of actual pleasure in seeing results grow under their hands a sudden row arose aft. The Captain was interviewing the Geologist.

"Steer small," said Captain Prowse; "don't work the bally wheel as if you was workin' a chaff cutter."

"I'm doing my best," said the furious man of science, "and I beg you will speak to me civilly."

"I'll speak to you how I like," said Prowse. "Didn't I tell you a while back as you wasn't a passenger no more, but one of my crew?"

"Sir," said the Geologist, "I beg that you will be so good as to refrain from speaking to me; I am not accustomed to be talked to in that tone."

The Captain gasped and, walking hurriedly to the side, endeavored to pull a fixed belaying-pin from the rail; after three or four trials he came to a loose one. By this time the Kamma Funder was yawing all abroad, and when Captain Prowse came toward the wheel again, the Geologist let go and in his turn sought for a weapon. The Captain caught the wheel in time to prevent the vessel getting right aback and roared:

"Mutiny, mutiny!"

Simpkins and the Scientific Association came running aft.

"Simpkins," shrieked Prowse, "ketch hold of that geological chap!"

"I dare either of you to touch me," said the Geologist; "the first one that does, I'll brain him!"

He held the iron pin firmly and looked desperate.

"Come and ketch hold of the wheel," said Prowse in a choking voice.

"No, don't let him," said the offender. And a violent argument arose.

"This is perfectly scandalous," said the meek Astronomer, "and ——"

"We won't put up with it," cried the Entomologist.

"I must obey orders," said Simpkins.

"Or I'll murder you," screamed the skipper.

"If he lets go, she'll be took aback," said Simpkins, "and it'll be a lot of trouble."

"We don't care," said the men of science. And then the Captain let go and rushed for the Geologist. Simpkins broke from the Astronomer and caught the spinning wheel just as the Geologist knocked the Captain down.

"Oh," said the Pathologist, "I believe you've killed him."

"I hope so," said the hero of the occasion with a rather pale face; "I'm not going to be bullied by any coarse brute of a sailor."

"But he's the Captain," said Simpkins.

But mutiny was in their hearts. They all talked at once as the Pathologist felt the Captain's skull to see whether it was still sound.

"Will he die?"

"No," said the Doctor, "he has a skull like a ram's. Take him below."

"And lock him in," said the Astronomer, "and we can argue with him through the door."

It was a happy thought, and even Simpkins, in spite of his ingrained respect for the lawful authority of the most lawless skipper, approved the suggestion.

"You ain't all so soft as you look," said Simpkins, "but the sea does bring the devil out in a man if so be he's got any."

And they carried Captain Joseph Prowse down below. As his cabin door would not lock, they jammed short pieces of lumber between it and the other side of the alley-way.

"It's mutiny," said Simpkins, "but it's done, and maybe he'll cool off when he comes to and finds 'is 'ead aching."

But, nevertheless, the situation was not pleasant, and no one was quite certain as to what should be done.

"Hold a committee meeting," said the Entomologist.

The others said that was nonsense. Simpkins, who now looked on the Geologist as Captain of the Mutineers, touched his hat to him, and begged leave to speak.

"Well," said the Geologist, "what is it?"

"Ain't some of you gents good at instruments?" asked Simpkins; "for if you are, and if you could get hold of a sextant, it would be doin' things regular if you was to take a sight of the sun."

The Ethnologist turned to the Astronomer.

"How humanity yearns for a certain regularity!" he said; "it would really comfort Simpkins if you would squint at the sun through a gas-pipe."

"You find me the sextant," said the Astronomer, "and I'll do it."

"What, you!" said Simpkins; "I'd never ha' thought it!"

Though he could not be induced to say in public why he would never have thought it, in private he revealed to the inquisitive Entomologist that the Astronomer looked "the measliest of the whole gang, sir."

The discussion, which had been held on deck with Simpkins at the wheel, was broken up by the Captain hammering furiously on his jammed door.

"Go down and soothe him," said Simpkins nervously; "and mind you tell him I done nothin' but give in to superior, overwhelmin' odds! For so I did, gentlemen, so I did, as you know, bein' those as done it."

The committee went below, with the Geologist leading. He carried his belaying pin in his pocket, as they marked the uproar was tremendous.

"What a skull he must have," said the Ethnologist. "I wish I had it in my collection."

"So do I," said the Pathologist.

And the authority on philology pressed to the front rank, for Captain Joseph Prowse was doing his best.

"Lemme out!" he roared. "Oh, when I do get out I'll show you what I am ——"

"Shut up," said the young Geologist with firmness. The Captain gave an audible gasp.

"Shut up?" he inquired weakly.

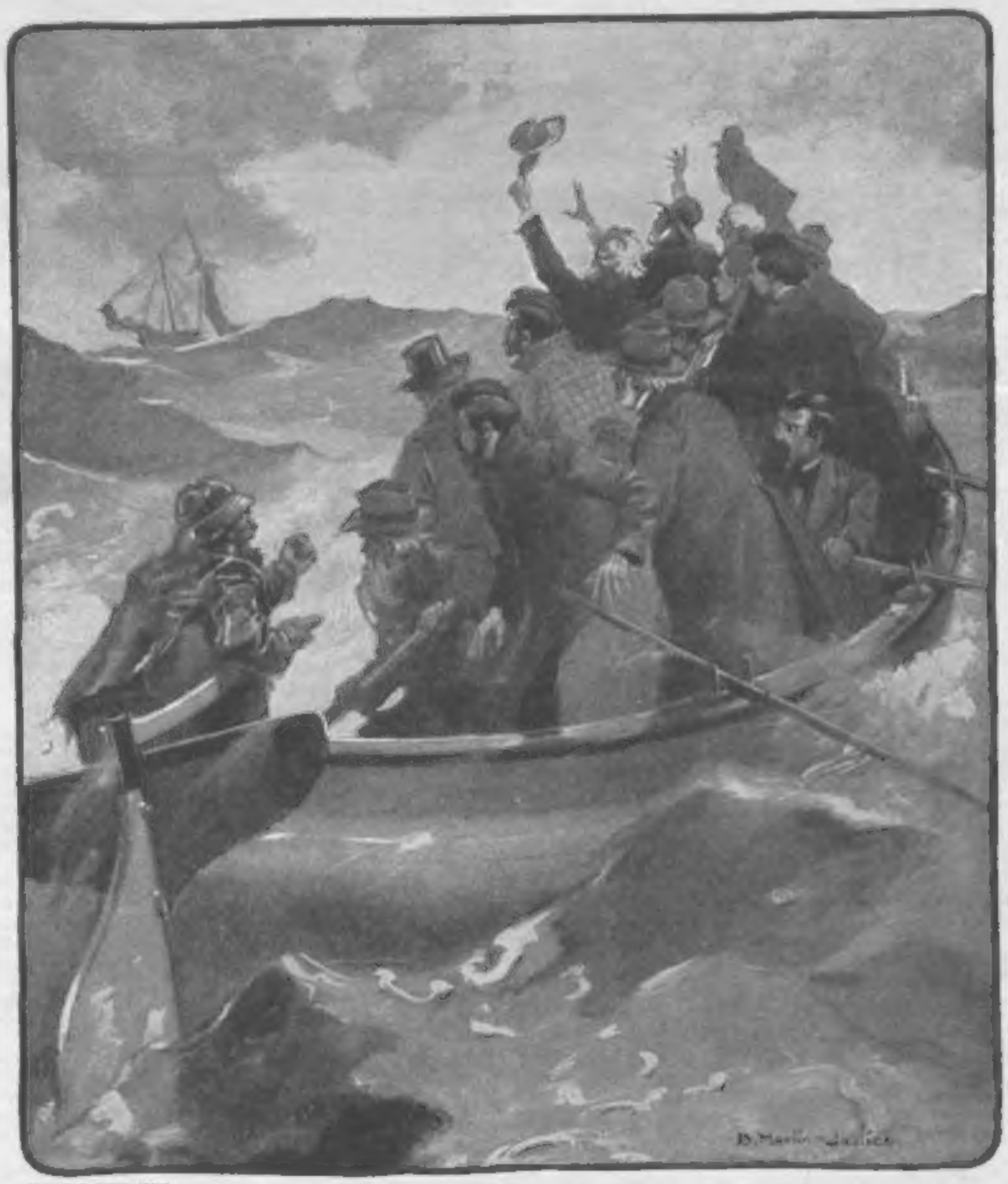
"Yes," said the leader; "and give us your sextant if you have one."

"Well, I'm blowed," said Prowse, after a long and striking pause. "May I inquire if you've took command? For if so, and you require my services to peel pertaters and sweep the deck, just say so, and let me out."

"Will you be civil if we let you out?" asked the Astronomer kindly.

"Civil?" said Prowse choking. "What do you think?"

"We don't think you will be," replied the Astronomer, "from the tone of your voice."



"Sit down, sit down, you gang of idiots," said the Captain; "d'ye want to capsize us?"

"I'm sure he won't be," said the Geologist.

"I think we'd better keep him where he is," said the rest anxiously. "Why, the man's nothing but a raging lunatic."

"Oh!" said Prowse from within. "Look here, you mutineers, is Simpkins in this?"

"No," said the Geologist, who showed a little humor occasionally, "he's out of it. He tried to rescue you, so we hanged him. But he came to again, and is now at the wheel. What about that sextant?"

"I ain't got no sextant," said Prowse sulkily.

He recognized there was no use kicking, and the rum was dying out of his aching head.

"Then let's go on deck," said the men of science; "what's the use of talking to him?"

"Oh, please," said the subdued skipper; but they paid no attention and returned to Simpkins.

At various intervals during the day Prowse made more and more pitiful appeals to be let out. But, as the weather was clear and bright, Simpkins and his "overwhelming odds" were at work on deck and paid little or no attention. Simpkins now did not take his tune from the skipper, but, feeling that the command was in commission, adopted the manner of the sergeant-instructor at a gymnasium.

"Now, if a couple or four of you gentlemen would keep the pumps going," he urged from his station at the wheel, "we should get along a deal better. And if you, sir, would come and take the wheel ag'in for two shakes of a lamb's tail, I don't see no reason why I shouldn't loose the maintopsails."

So the Geologist took the wheel while Simpkins went aloft and loosed the upper and lower maintopsails.

"Supposing you wanted to have less sail presently," said the Astronomer to Simpkins, "what would you do?"

"You gents would 'ave to 'elp stow it," said Simpkins. "It's as easy as fallin' from the side of a 'ouse."

"So I should think," said the Astronomer, shivering. "I hope the weather will remain fine."

"You know, it's really remarkable how useful such an uneducated man can be," he said presently to some of the others. "Now, what use am I?"

Simpkins was passing and heard this. He paused and eyed the Astronomer.

"Well, to speak the truth, sir," he said sympathetically, "you ain't much; but you do what you can at the end of a rope. And I shouldn't be surprised if you're all right at 'ome."

"All of which is good against vanity," said the Astronomer, as the barque under plain sail steered east-southeast into the track of the Atlantic liners.

As the night fell the Captain, who had by that time lost all his alcoholic courage, appealed for mercy. But he tried Simpkins first.

"Simpkins!" he yelled.

"Yes, sir," said Simpkins.

"Come and let me out."

"I dar'n't, sir," said Simpkins; "they're all very fierce and savage ag'in you, especial about your using bad language, and each of 'em 'as a belayin'-pin, and is overwhelmin' of me. It's more than my life's worth to let you out. And ——"

"Yes?" said the skipper.

"It's more'n yours is worth, too; you must ask 'em civil."

"*And give your word of honor,*" suggested the ferocious Geologist in a whisper.

"And give your word of honor ——"

"*To act civilly and quietly to every one.*"

"To act civilly and quiet, sir," said Simpkins.

"*And not to talk too much about authority or drink any more rum,*" prompted the savage Astronomer.

"And not to get too rumbumptious or to get squiffy again," said Simpkins.

"For," said the brutal Geologist, "if you will agree to those terms, we shall be glad of your advice and assistance, Captain Prowse."

"I'll think of it," returned the skipper sulkily.

"All right," said the rude Geologist; "take a day or two to think it over."

"I'm ready," said Prowse hastily; "I've thought of it, and I agree."

And when he came on deck the savage and ferocious scientific captains remarked in a friendly manner that it was a fine evening.

"Hang it!" said the one-time skipper; "I'm blest if I ain't the crew of the Kamma Funder!"

The Sensitive Steer

FOR a long time the tanners who handled the hides of Western steers were puzzled by the fact that one side of the hide was usually perceptibly thicker and heavier than the other. A thoughtful cowboy who was visiting an Eastern tannery was told of the fact and accounted for it in the following way: Every steer is branded on one of its flanks with its owner's particular device. The branding produces a painful burn, and it is several days before the hide entirely heals. While the burn is healing the steer naturally takes all possible precaution to favor the sore side, and therefore lies down with the branded flank uppermost. A few days suffice to form the habit of lying only on the unbranded side. This, of course, protects one side from the biting winds of winter, and at the same time interferes more or less with the circulation of the blood and the normal development of the tissue.

The other side, on the contrary, exposed to every wind and with perfect circulation, becomes thick, tough and healthy. This may or may not be the right explanation of a well-known fact, but it seems to be quite within the bounds of probability.

Henry M. Stanley

With Some Letters on South Africa from the Explorer

By Major James B. Pond

STANLEY was something more than a lecturer to me. I had known of him over twenty years before in the West, as a newspaper correspondent. His graphic descriptions of Western events and scenes in which I was a small part always found favor in my sight because of their simple exactness. I had seen him in Omaha and also on the plains, in connection with the remarkable Indian campaigns of the later sixties, but never had the courage to approach him. I felt an awe and respect for him that held me aloof.

And yet Stanley was the personification of modesty. At the dinner given by Americans in London to Stanley, Rev. Dr. Joseph L. Parker, the famous London preacher, came up to me and said: "Major Pond, I wish you would introduce me to Stanley."

"I shall not have to go far to do that," said I; "the gentleman with whom I have just been talking is the man himself."

"No, no!" said Doctor Parker, "that can't be; why that is a small man. Stanley must be a great big fellow."

The explorer is not more than five feet seven inches in height, but stocky and well set.

A moment later Stanley advanced toward Doctor Parker, reached out his hand and said: "I am very glad to meet you, Doctor Parker, and I am gratified that so eminent a man should have expressed a desire to be introduced to me." As a matter of fact, nothing of the sort had been intimated to Stanley; he had simply overheard the remark about his size and at once had tactfully smoothed matters over.

It was on his return from a trip to Aldershot, 1890, where he had been to visit the graves of some of his comrades, that he told me of his coming marriage and the honor awaiting him at Cambridge. He then suggested a date for his departure to New York after October 25. "The Teutonic sails on October 29," was my reply. His answer was: "That will do."

The Teutonic arrived November 5, and was detained over night at Quarantine on account of a heavy fog. The party consisted of Mr. Stanley and his bride, Mrs. Dorothy Tennant Stanley; Mrs. Tennant, her mother; Lieutenant Mounteney Jephson, and Hamilton Aide, a well-known London literary man, dramatic author and critic. I met Stanley and his wife standing on the upper deck and he greeted me very cordially, introducing me to Mrs. Stanley, who quietly remarked:

"I don't like you, Major Pond."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Stanley. I think so much of your husband that it will be sad for me if I cannot have your friendship."

"That's why I'm sure I'll dislike you. Why should you want him more than I do?"

"We'll see," I said. In a few minutes more we were all having a delightful conversation together. I was introduced to Mrs. Tennant, Mrs. Stanley's mother, and Mr. Hamilton Aide, her nephew.

"I don't like you, Major Pond"

An Interview of Far-Reaching Importance

At the first word of the sighting of the Teutonic, the New York newspaper men, headed by Colonel Finley Anderson, of the United Press, Stanley's personal friend, came down to meet their distinguished fellow-craftsman. It was noticed that Mr. Stanley, in replying to Colonel Anderson's little speech of welcome, referred to his arrival as to a "home coming." Then an appointment was made at my office for five o'clock in the afternoon. The New York newspaper men were waiting in my office at the time set, but Stanley was then unconscious of the important matter that they wanted to bring to his attention. A representative of the London Times awaited his arrival at the hotel with a cabled message from the Thunderer. While Stanley was on the ocean the English press had contained severe and somewhat startling attacks on the truth of the famous chapter on The Rear Guard in his new book. In this the story of Major Bartellot and his death had been told, not to the credit of the deceased officer. I am not intending again to present the controversy that Bartellot's family and Lieutenant Throop had launched with their volumes replying to Stanley's severe but restrained criticism of Bartellot's actions and methods. A storm of almost savage indignation against Stanley had been aroused thereby. The Times had cabled in full the article it had published, and had directed its representative in New York to obtain and cable Mr. Stanley's reply. The situation had become almost threatening.

I did not doubt that Stanley would fully maintain his own honor, but I began to understand that such scandals were involved as might set the public mind against the whole business of African exploration.

Stanley retired with the Times correspondent. It is a matter of almost "ancient history" to recall the plain and simple, but able and courageous, frankness with which the Bartellot-Throop-Jamieson attacks were met. The explorer had endeavored to hold back the personal misconduct, of which he knew the men intrusted with the command of the Rear Guard, had been guilty. He now told the whole story, the details of which are still fresh in the public mind. Forced to defend himself, he did so with the same steady courage and directness of will that had always marked his actions. He gave dates and names, as well as acts, and placed at the disposal of the London Times the complete evidence which he had heretofore been very desirous, because of the families and friends of the men, to keep from becoming public property. That interview was printed in the Times next morning. It changed the situation almost immediately so far as English opinion was concerned. But it was the American press and what might follow of adverse criticism that affected me most closely.

I dined with the party that evening, and Stanley was as jovial, cordial and self-poised as I ever saw him. He showed no sign of the fatigue attending such a remarkable strain as that five hours of momentous interviewing.

In the interview of that evening, Stanley was absolutely great. There were twenty-three reporters present, picked men of the great newspapers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. One of the best-known men, Mr. Balch, was chosen to direct the questions. My rooms were packed. The men were all keen set and full of the historical significance, too, of their opportunity. Stanley seated himself smiling, and for three hours submitted to an intellectual ordeal which was simply astounding. The interviewers, with ample time to look up the issues, were prepared with keen questions, and, as he answered, others were called out on every side. Balch, an able man, declared it was a wonderful exhibition of knowledge and will power. "Stanley," he said, "was the best witness I ever saw. He was armed at all points and answered without a moment's hesitancy, never once crossing himself in the slightest degree."

During the latter part of the scene various gentlemen who had come to call on Mr. Stanley, among them Charles A. Dana and Murat Halstead, stood in the open hallway of my office, listening to the remarkable proceeding, and admiring the skill and power of the man who sat there with lighted eyes, animated features, and a live brain that burned through every movement and lit up every word he uttered.

A Torrent of Public Enthusiasm

The first Stanley lecture in New York in 1890 was a remarkable event. The interest was made greatly more active by publication on Friday, the seventh of November, of the remarkable series of interviews of which mention has been made. But no one anticipated its tremendous character. The gross receipts were $17,800. Such a jam never was known before, and the carriage crush about the building was almost beyond police control. The lecture originally announced was The Relief of Emin Pasha. At Mrs. Stanley's suggestion, The March Through the Forest was chosen, which brought in the story of the Pygmies and other remarkable discoveries made.

A Triumphal Progression

The tour that followed this entrée was like the march of a triumphal hero. Our evenings after the lecture were delightful, and the daily intercourse so long continued was personally maintained without a jar or break of any sort. I found Mr. Stanley not only strictly honorable in business matters, but generous also. When for a brief period business was bad, he showed a marked disposition to make matters more even, though there was no necessity whatever, taking the tour as a whole, to make any change in the agreement made in London. Perhaps the most striking feature of the engagement was, so far as concerns Mr. Stanley, the remarkable fidelity he gave to the work he had undertaken. He was constantly remoulding, polishing and improving the lectures during the tour.

Altogether I have never parted with a client in greater regret, or found one holding me in bonds of friendship and respect to so great a degree. Sir Henry Stanley does me the honor to regard me as a friend, and I am constantly indebted to him, and to Lady Stanley also, for delightful correspondence. Some extracts from the many letters in my possession will illustrate the value of the views expressed and the soundness of a judgment which has been almost wholly verified by events. I present without apology the extracts which follow.

Electioneering Methods in Rural England

A capital letter from the Richmond Terrace (London) home, under date of October 2, 1892, is of interest because of its description of electioneering in England:

"I am pledged," he writes, "to many things in the coming time—the contest at North Lambeth again, Bible Society, Missionary and anti-Slavery meetings, keeping up the Uganda question before the public, stimulating and comforting the Directors, and trivial things of this kind. They absorb time and keep a man from stagnating, and perhaps a modicum of good is extracted from the whole.

"As regards the election, I fear on your side they do not understand anything about it. I sometimes see the cablegrams sent over from here and I do not wonder that you are all misled. I was asked at the last moment to stand; there were only nine clear days for work and to get made known among 7300 electors, to get offices, posters, pamphlets and canvassers, and that entailed an amount of work that was appalling. My opponent had been at work three years, nursing the constituency; I had only nine days. The results were that I was defeated by 130. Of course, the usual lying was resorted to. They can lie here with as much disregard to future torments as in New York, and they have introduced largely pernicious systems from America, which I know the Americans would gladly extinguish if they knew how. Added to these the lower classes have something which is peculiarly their own: a noisy, brutal disposition which must relieve itself by pounding or breaking something, while the intolerance they display toward their opponents is wholly unknown in America. When this temper is at the hottest women go down before the brawny fist like sheep in the shambles, and bald heads often get seriously cracked. I used to think that England was a country of order and that only at Donnybrook would you meet with such scenes as I have witnessed. There is no attempt at order, there is no policeman present to preserve it. Only might is respected—clubs and arms. The doors are thrown open to all—the radical candidate seeks for a strong force of roughs by whom, when the Unionist presents himself, he is greeted with a continuous uproar. If he persists in speaking, the mob advances and 'scare' heads then. This, in short, is politics at its worst over here, but homicide is much rarer than with you."

Duties of the Candidate

A London letter of May 31, 1894, gives a still more vividly interesting account of electioneering methods. Mr. Stanley writes:

"I see that you scarcely comprehend what the term electioneering means in England. It would be impossible for a candidate to absent himself from his constituency for any longer period than the national holidays. He must hold himself ready

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Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers by Major Pond on Sir Henry M. Stanley.

for any request from any of his supporters every day between the hours of 10 A. M. and 10 P. M. He, in the mean time, must visit every house in the borough (7200 houses in mine) to try to make the acquaintance of every voter and of some member of his family. He must contribute not only his services as patron (chairman, supporter of numberless charities, meetings), but funds as well, whenever solicited. But more than that, he must hold himself ready to exchange his services with those of fellow-candidates in the country. These various duties which fall upon the candidate must be performed cheerfully and with good will, otherwise it will be charged to him that he is indifferent to the cause and to the public he has affected to serve. I have as many as eighty visits in a day, and if you will only take the trouble to calculate you will find that to visit 7200 voters requires a large number of days, and as visits can only be made in the intervals between public functions of great variety, not more than 200 a week can be expected from the most active. You may fairly say that it requires a year's steady work to get through an ordinary constituency. Then, you know the failing of the public is to forget your face and name, and to keep them in mind you will have to begin again and continue what is called the 'musing.' I need not say more. You will see why a candidate cannot absent himself for more than a fortnight or so from the duties he has undertaken, and I think your letter is thus fairly answered. We are waiting to hear the sound of the trumpet to enter the lists. It may be heard any day and we are on the tiptoe of expectation."

Concerning the Venezuela Message

From Richmond Terrace, under date of June 19, 1896, came an interesting letter which refers in the beginning to the death, then recent, of the late Colonel Thomas Knox. Stanley writes:

"I had been much impressed by the aged appearance of Knox, but I did not expect so soon to hear of his death. He was a fine, genial man, of grand appearance, and I always thought a dinner table enriched by his appearance. I am exceedingly sorry, for New York is the poorer for his loss—for there is one friend less to me. . . . But it is thus we drop away one by one.

"How suddenly that Venezuela business broke upon England. I had been prepared for it by my visit to the States, and I had clipped dozens of newspaper articles bearing upon the subject while I was over there. About ten days after my arrival here I was visited by the manager of one of the principal newspapers here, and asked what I thought of the Eastern question, and I had answered that I was not much interested in it as I was interested in the squall brewing in the West. He asked me what I referred to, and I replied that we might expect a terrific explosion presently from America in regard to the Venezuela dispute. He was astonished, for he had not heard of it. I then gave him my clippings for his editor to study and prepare himself. Sixteen days after, the storm burst, taking England all aback.

"Now, on this Venezuela subject I am entirely on the side of America, but I must admit I am not surprised that the English papers backed up Lord Salisbury and differed from me. Taught by the virulent remarks of your journals I had, of course, devoted much time to understanding it, whereas English editors were exceptionally ill-informed about the matter. There are two or three injudicious remarks in Olney's dispatch which put British backs up, but after reflection it is wonderful how many have come round to my opinion—that, whatever the transgressions of Olney may be, there is a great deal of justice in the American demand. I feel quite sure, now that so much is admitted, it will not be long before the opinion becomes general that we were in the wrong in refusing arbitration, while the more I think of Olney's dispatch, the more impressed I am that Olney could scarcely have written otherwise than he did. For I argue that had he contented himself with the usual suave tone of diplomacy he would not have succeeded in rousing the attention of the nation to the necessity of settlement. His dispatch would have lain quietly in the archives of the Foreign Office, whereas now every Englishman knows sufficient of the subject to distinguish right from wrong, and while there is still a majority who take the dispatch to be an affront to British dignity, there is a minority increasing in numbers who think that British honor would be consulted by considering the justice due to Venezuela, and that British interests would be promoted by acquiescing with the American demand.

"But that all your journalists were wrong in assuming that we in this country entertained any other feeling than that of true affection for the Americans has been conclusively proved by the different receptions accorded the President's message and the German Emperor's telegrams to Kruger. On reading the first our people were simply astonished and grieved, but the other roused the war feeling from the Hebrides to the Channel Islands. I have never witnessed anything like it in England before. It was entirely unexpected from one whom we had made so much of. It was premeditated, also, and this is what enraged us. No one could conceive what business it was of Germany's to interfere with our Protectorate, nor how we had given any one a reason to suppose that, because Jameson had been so mad, we were so lost to all sense of honor and justice as not to be willing to do what was right in the case. It will be a long time before we forgive Germany, you may rest assured, and every act of hers for years to come will be viewed with great suspicion. Personally, I do not know which was maddest, Jameson's ride for the gold mines of Johannesburg or the Emperor William's attempt on the Protectorate of the Transvaal. Both were foolish."

He closed this interesting letter with his always pleasant compliments and messages for my family.

From Argelus-Gazoust, France, under date of August 5, 1898, in response to a letter suggesting a lecture on Anglo-Saxon Relations, Stanley replies:

"Yes, I quite agree with you that we have numerous highly endowed members of Parliament who would like to have the opportunity to address American audiences upon the Anglo-American Alliance, or any other subject, but you see the faculty of orating is born with them; they can't help it. Whereas with me it is different. I can't speak unless I have something to say and the time to say what is imposed upon me has come.

"Now, with regard to this Anglo-American Alliance. It is a good thing and a natural thing for both nations to come together and shake hands and make a league of friendship. But the necessity for that is not imperative for either side. England is at peace with all the world, though she frets herself now and then. America has her enemy at her mercy, and nobody is going to interfere with her. Where is the need for the hurry? Then naturally, having passed the impressionable period of my life in America—and born in Britain—having an English wife and home, I feel able to see a trifle clearer than some of those who are all American or all English. I have not a particle of prejudice, though my duty lies on this side. My opinion is we must not be too precipitate. The two nations are gravitating together. True friendship cannot be forced, but is a slow process, requiring time. There are many Americans who have not even thought of the subject, there are English who cannot entertain the idea. If such people are spoken to about the alliance they are apt to say things neither kindly Americans nor kindly English would like to hear.

"No! Wisdom suggests we leave the feeling to grow and solidify. If either country was in distress, that would be the proper time to breathe more life into that spirit of kinship and kindliness which we know exists, and bring the reserved and proud peoples together, but to-day there is no necessity for either nation to think particularly about the matter. One is fat and proud with its Bank of England and big navy, the other is in a quiver of delight over Manila and Santiago, and the heroes—Dewey, Schley and Shafter. The time is not suitable for speaking of alliances. If you Americans will come out of that Continent and take your share of the Old World's concerns, you will know better what is meant by alliances. Were I not in a dreadful hurry and every member of the family impatiently waiting for me, I could relate some curious thoughts of mine about that matter, but I am not allowed to form one connected sentence in peace. I cannot offer myself for the Lyceum this term."

The New York newspaper man sent waiting in my office to interview him

A fair picture, certainly, this of Ulysses the wanderer with the distaff in hand.

American Imperialism to English Eyes

Under date of February 6, 1899, the day before Parliament was to meet, Sir Henry writes that, looking round for arrearages of work, his eyes caught sight of my 1899 letter.

"The year 1899 is starting so smoothly in England that the blank page might serve for a news letter. We have long ago calmed down about the mad French attempt on the Upper Nile, and we are so interested in the Czar's Peace Circular that we relaxed our attention to Russian misdoing in China. With Germany we have no question, and America has civilly refrained from twisting our Lion's tail. Old Kruger is probably more concerned with his personal infirmities and the Colonists are following their usually orderly habits, so that all around 1899 promises to be very quiet with us."

This was a promise that events soon proved was easily broken, but even Stanley could not foresee the sharp awakening for England as well as ourselves. He proceeds:

"I wish I could feel your prospects are also as satisfactory. I don't know what you think of it, but it seems to me this Imperialism is going to prove costly and disturbing to America, and her well-wishers are in doubt whether it be wise in her to take upon herself the task of regenerating the Philippines. If you don't mind the expense and bother of reforming these barbarians and making them orderly, we will not do more than wish you well through the self-imposed task."

The Early Reverses in South Africa

Under date of November 24, 1899, Sir Henry M. Stanley replied to a letter of mine wherein, at the suggestion of an experienced editorial friend, I had pointed out to him the value of a short lecture tour in the United States, during which no man could with such authority as himself point out to the American people the situation in South Africa. My adviser very strongly urged the fact that the views of Sir Henry M. Stanley would not only greatly affect opinion here, but would tend largely to extend his influence as a statesman in his own country. Stanley illustrates his own modesty by ignoring *in toto* my suggestion, and then thus frankly criticises the British-Boer situation at the date of his writing:

"We are not doing so well in the Transvaal as I expected, but everything proves to me how really necessary it was that the evil humors which had been gathering for the last nineteen years should come to a head and be boldly dealt with. It proves, also, how remiss we have been in thus delaying in considering the Transvaal matters as serious. No people on earth are so averse to war as we are, and so prone to be guided by goody-goody sentiment. Being rich, prosperous and contented, we seem to forget that all people are not so happy, and accordingly fail to provide against other people's discontent with us.

"This sunny belief in the power of sentiment will certainly be our bane some day. From sentiment we left our African frontiers unprotected; we left our garrisons in Natal open to an enemy that has been breathing nothing but threats for ever so long; from sentiment we left the Afrikander Bund to make its preparations, diffuse its opinions and conspire to oust us from South Africa; from sentiment we allow Kruger to build his forts, arm his people with cannon and Mausers, and, naturally, when everything is ready for the crisis for which Kruger has been preparing, we profess to be surprised that Natal and Cape Colony have been invaded, and that the Boers have been able to present such a bold front to us.

"That war itself and the small disasters we have met are the penalties we pay for the belief we profess that all men can be persuaded by reason or soothed by sentiment. By all means profess as loudly as you may the very best of sentiments toward people with whom you desire to be on amicable terms, but don't forget that human beings are not angels or children, to be restrained by sentiment alone. If you have interests no amount of sentiment will protect them, especially when they lie so temptingly close to another race. That is a paraphrase of the old saying: 'Pray to God, but keep your powder dry.' We have prayed both to God and the Boer, but in most reprehensible fashion we have forgotten all about the powder.

"What is going to happen to us if we continue to be thus neglectful of the commonest precautions? Heaven only knows. In England we are so given to the cultivation of beautiful phrases and logic that no one of the simple kind can hope to have simple truths listened to. Our newspaper leaders are written in such Johnsonian-Gladstonese that plain people pass them over as being 'grand,' but they are scarcely understood by the many. In admiration of the sound we have lost the sense, and the direct, simple English has no chance in these libretto days.

"In other ways we are also degenerate. Fancy ten thousand English soldiers, willing to be led anywhere, remaining penned up in that hollow of Ladysmith by a force of say even twenty thousand raw Boer militia! It is all of a piece with that grand strategic genius which chose a hollow for the South African Aldershot, with not even an intrenchment until it was too late."

The following is a characteristic and forcible presentation of opinions which he of all men has the right to express:

'Furze Hill, Perlwight, Surrey,
Oct. 10, 1899.

"*My dear Major:* Your introduction of Mr. Howland has resulted, as you are probably aware, in the publication of an article in his magazine on Anglo-Saxon Responsibilities. I have just seen it, and, though it was written before the Transvaal crisis became acute, subsequent facts have, I think, borne my hints out.

"The above is my present address, where I am simply roughing it, owing to the chaos prevailing inside and out. I am therefore in no condition for writing a letter for the public eye, as you yourself would be the first to admit if you could see my surroundings. Besides, I cannot see the object of interesting the public in anything just now, and the Anglo-Saxon relations are the topic of a thousand pens more or less capable of instructing everybody who can read or think. Whether we shall fight or not depends upon Kruger. He alone has it in his power to stay the storm, but whether he will use that power or not—no one, probably not Kruger even—can say. My opinion of Kruger differs from almost every writer in the fact that I say he is a confirmed ass, or if you prefer the true meaning of it—an obstinate old fool.

"I wrote Through South Africa some two years ago, and if you will look at chapter seven—I think—I have not the book by me—you will see how the present crisis and the probable termination of it are fulfilling the prediction I made.

"I really do not know which to pity most, the English who hate war and would do anything in honor to avoid it—dragged to war and future trouble against their will—or the Boers, whose stupid obstinancy is likely to be their ruin.

"A few years ago, before the Jameson raid, Kruger said, 'I will never give you anything, and now let the storm burst.'

"It is a bad-tempered man who said that, and Kruger's bad temper is the most prominent characteristic of his nature. His sheer bad temper has caused all this row and will eventually bring him to shame unless, may the gods grant it, he is thoroughly frightened by a stronger, sterner, fiercer will.

"I have known individuals like Kruger before, and though their obstinate wills seemed adamantine, many yielded before a greater and superior will.

"The South African war—should it take place—will prove the salvation of South Africa, if it is conducted rightly.

"We should have an overwhelming force over there, and the utmost energy should be employed to bring it to a perfect finale, where all white should be free and equal. The country should be given up to the people, and outsiders should refrain from meddling in their affairs."

At social functions given by the press in his honor Stanley was always at his best. He appeared among newspaper men as perfectly at home—one of the profession, claiming no honors or no place that could or would not be attained by any live journalist should the occasion offer. It is this attitude that so helped to make of him in America the favorite hero of the pressmen of the land.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

MRS. EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

LIEUT.-COL. ALEXANDER M. FERRIS

MRS. JOSEPH FAIRCHILD KNAPP

What Women are Doing for Women

There was a time when it was considered best to have a man—generally a doctor of divinity—at the head of a female college, but with one or two exceptions every important woman's college in this country now has a woman at its head. More than that, the women are endowing and developing the institutions.

For instance, not long ago, when the Johns Hopkins University announced that it would establish the highest medical school in the world, it was stated that men only would be admitted. An appeal was made for funds—several hundred thousand dollars—to complete the necessary capital. Very quietly the women began a movement, and before the men knew what was happening the ladies offered the entire sum necessary, on condition that women be admitted the same as men—and the trustees accepted the gift. One of the ladies prominent in this movement was Miss Thomas, now President of Bryn Mawr.

There are other young women who are directing the destinies of important colleges. Take Barnard, for instance. Until a few months ago the dean was Mrs. Emily James Putnam. She had nearly three hundred students under her charge. Barnard has a splendid group of three new buildings, and each of these buildings is the gift of a woman.

The president of one of the female colleges—not Barnard—tells the following: "A delightful old gentleman from the South brought his daughter to our school and asked to see the president. I always have my name printed with the initials only in the catalogue and without any Miss to it. So he thought he was to meet a man, probably a solemn old person with long whiskers. He took me to be the secretary. 'My wife's to blame for all this,' he said pleasantly. 'She saved up the money and declared that Mary should go to the best college in the country. I'm so old-fashioned, though, that the new woman, with all her education, rather gets ahead of me. I suppose the president's engaged? Will he be long?'

"'I'm the president,' I replied.

"He was a bit confused, and so I said to him: 'Why not? The women built this school; women are the teachers; the women give the money for running it, and the women of the future are our students. So why not a woman president? And was it not your wife who sent your daughter here?'

"But as he went away he shook his head rather dubiously, and remarked that the world had changed a great deal since he went to the University of Virginia in 1852."

A Justice Without Prejudice

Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, the well-known Philadelphia lawyer and ex-Minister to Italy, has a keen sense of humor.

Recently he was arguing a tedious, technical case before the Supreme Court. The affair drifted through long days of uninteresting detail. When it was finally ended, Mr. MacVeagh and a colleague, in talking it over, speculated as to whom Chief Justice Fuller would assign to write the opinion in the case, and the speculations resulted in a wager.

Just then Chief Justice Fuller came down the corridor. Mr. MacVeagh called him and told him of the wager.

"If you will help me out, Mr. Chief Justice, and tell me whether my guess is correct, the affair can be settled right here, for you have the assigning to do and you know whom you will ask to write the decision."

"Whom have you selected in your wager, Mr. MacVeagh?" asked Mr. Fuller, keenly interested.

"Mr. Justice Gray," answered Mr. MacVeagh.

"And why did you choose Mr. Gray?"

"Because I noticed he slept through the entire argument," answered Mr. MacVeagh.

Admiral Schley's Double

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston seems fated to be commanded by men who bear striking resemblances to other persons distinguished in totally different lines of affairs.

Colonel Hedges so resembled Grover Cleveland that he was mistaken for the ex-President at the state dinner during the famous London trip. Now Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander M. Ferris comes to the front as the double of Rear-Admiral Schley, although he modestly refuses to admit the resemblance.

At the time of the great naval and land parades in honor of Admiral Dewey, Colonel Ferris went over to New York to witness the display. Not being with a party he experienced great difficulty in finding a place from which to view the parade.

Speculators were charging exorbitant prices for very poor accommodations. Colonel Ferris, after a great deal of pushing, forced his way through the crowd that blocked the entrance to a hotel, and was about to bargain with the clerk for a standing place, if nothing better could be had, when the clerk deferentially bowed him in and, without a word of explanation, summoned a porter.

"Right upstairs, Admiral; first door to the left; you will find your place reserved for you."

Before the astonished Colonel could explain that he was not an Admiral, and had engaged no place, he was fairly forced upstairs by a colored porter who, to Colonel Ferris' amazement, seemed well acquainted with him.

"Used ter see yer quite often in Baltimore, sah," declared the porter.

Colonel Ferris finally convinced his conductor that it was a case of mistaken identity, but a liberal tip secured a good window from which to view the great parade.

M. Deroulède, Human Paradox

Paul Deroulède, the French politician, is a mass of apparent contradictions. He is an agnostic who contributes generously to the church charities, a Republican who desires to overthrow the Republic, a peace advocate who favors riot and insurrection, a free-trader who upholds prohibitory tariff, and a Democrat who even aids the Royalist party of France. His contrariety is well illustrated by a recent story. He was discussing the Boer War with a number of friends, and, after a fierce diatribe against England, said very earnestly:

"I pray that the British will be unmercifully beaten."

"Why, I thought you disliked the Dutch," interposed a friend.

"Dislike them? I pray that they will be exterminated," he declared with genuine fervor.

More than Two Dollars' Worth of Sunshine

Mrs. Joseph Fairchild Knapp, of New York, is said to have composed five thousand hymns, of which several, such as Open the Gates of the Temple, and Blessed Assurance, are sung in every land. She has written so many hymns that she has forgotten a large number of them. On one occasion, hearing some people singing, she listened and remarked:

"That music sounds familiar. I rather like it, although I think it might be improved upon."

She was somewhat surprised when her companion said, "It ought to be familiar; you wrote it ten years ago."

In her literary and musical work she collaborates with Miss Fanny Crosby, the blind poet-musician. The International Sunshine Society, of which Mrs. Knapp is a local officer, has for its object the bringing of sunshine into the lives of those who are poor, despondent or shut-in by some incurable complaint. It supplies music, flowers, pictures, companions, books and money.

Mrs. Knapp treasures a tear-stained letter, that came to her officially from a poor scrubwoman.

"Some one told me," she said, "the woman had a sick child that needed diet or medicine, and that she was too proud to tell of her poverty to anybody. So I sent her a two-dollar note in an envelope, with a motherly message, and the letter that came back was very pathetic. The child was sick with convulsions and the mother was too independent to go to a doctor without the means to pay him. The fifth convulsion had taken place, she wrote, when my letter reached her. She took the money and ran to a physician, who came promptly, treated the little one and restored it to health, and would not accept any money for his services. So the money was not spent, the good was done and sunshine was brought into three lives at least.

"I have given away many thousands of dollars, but I do not recall any gift which accomplished as much good as this note," declared Mrs. Knapp.

Book Agents in the Senate

Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, and Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, are probably the two most illustrious book agents in the world. Each man at one stage in his early life sold books for a living. Senator Carter managed the National Republican campaign in 1892, and was a prominent figure at the recent Philadelphia convention.

Since his election as Senator, Mr. Carter has acquired and maintained the reputation of being one of the best story-tellers in Congress. His anecdotes are true to life and generally refer to some incident that has come within his own observation. In appearance the Senator looks more and more like Uncle Sam brought up to date. His stalwart frame, ruddy face, smooth lips and pointed beard would do for an artist's model.

Not long ago a stranger in Washington who had heard much about Senator Carter said to an employee of the Senate:

"I heard Carter tell his famous 'hold up' story at my hotel last night. I didn't think much of it."

"Are you sure it was Carter?" asked the employee somewhat dubiously.

"Certain. He looked as if he had stepped out of a political cartoon. You couldn't mistake him, and I know the story by heart."

"What did the crowd do?"

"Nothing. There wasn't even a smile."

"My friend," said the Senate man pityingly, "you've been deceived by some vulgar impostor. When Tom Carter tells his 'hold up' story the crowd has got to laugh."

How Brother Parker Fell *from* Grace

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

IT ALL happened so long ago that it has almost been forgotten upon the plantation, and few save the older heads know anything about it save from hearsay. It was in Parker's younger days, but the tale was told on him for a long time; indeed, until he was so old that every little disparagement cut him like a knife. Then the young scapegraces who had the story only from their mothers' lips spared his dotage. Even to young eyes, the respect which hedges about the form of eighty obscures many of the imperfections that are apparent at twenty-eight, and Parker was nearing eighty.

The truth of it is that Parker, armed with the authority which his master thought the due of the plantation exhorter, was wont to use his power with rather too free a rein. He was so earnest for the spiritual welfare of his fellow-servants that his watchful ministrations became a nuisance and a bore.

Even Aunt Doshy, who was famous for her devotion to all that pertained to the church, had been heard to state that "Brothah Pahkah was a moughty powahful 'sortah, but he sholy was monst'ous biggity." This from a member of his flock old enough to be his mother, quite summed up the plantation's estimate of this black disciple.

There was many a time when it would have gone hard with Brother Parker among the young bucks on the Mordaunt plantation but that there was scarcely one of them but could remember a time when Parker had come to his cabin to console some sick one, help a seeker, comfort the dying or close the eyes of one already dead, and it clothed him about with a sacredness, which, however much inclined, they dared not invade.

"Ain't it enough," Mandy's Jim used to say, "fu' Brothah Pahkah to 'tend to his business down at meetin' widout spookin' 'roun' all de cabins an' outhouses? Seems to me dey's enough dev'ment gwine on right undah his nose widout him gwine 'roun' tryin' to smell out what's hid."

Every secret sinner on the place agreed with this dictum and it came to the preacher's ears. He smiled broadly.

"Uh, huh," he remarked, "hit's de stuck pig dat squeals. I reckon Jim's up to some'p'n right now, an' I lay I'll fin out what dat some'p'n is."

Parker was a subtle philosopher, and Jim had by his remark unwittingly disclosed his interest in the preacher's doings. It then behooved this zealous disciple to find out the source of this unusual interest and opposition.

On the Sunday following, his sermon was strong, fiery and convincing. His congregation gave themselves up to the joys of the occasion and lost all consciousness of time or place in their emotional ecstasy. But, although he continued to move them with his eloquence, not for one moment did Parker lose possession of himself. His eyes roamed over the people before him and took in the absence of several who had most loudly and heartily agreed with Jim's dictum. Jim himself was not there.

"Uh, huh," said the minister to himself even in the midst of his exhortations. "Uh, huh, erway on some dev'ment, I boun'." He could hardly wait to hurry through his sermon. Then he seized his hat and almost ran away from the little table that did duty as a pulpit desk. He brushed aside with scant ceremony those who would have asked him to their cabins to share some special delicacy, and made his way swiftly to the door. There he paused and cast a wondering glance about the plantation.

I des wondah whaih dem scoun'els is mos' lakly to be. Then his eye fell upon an old half ruined smoke-house that stood between the kitchen and the negro quarters, and he murmured to himself, "Lak es not, lak es not." But he did not start directly for the object of his suspicions. Oh, no, he was too deep a diplomat for that. He knew that if there were wrong doers in that innocent looking ruin they would be watching in his direction about the time when they expected meeting to be out; so he walked off swiftly, but carelessly, in an opposite direction, and, instead of going straight past the kitchen, began to circle around from the direction of the quarters, whence no danger would be apprehended.

As he drew nearer and nearer the place, he thought he heard the rise and fall of eager voices. He approached more cautiously. Now he was perfectly sure that he could hear smothered conversation, and he smiled grimly as he pictured to himself the surprise of his quarry when he should come up with them. He was almost upon the smoke-house now. Those within were so absorbed that the preacher was able to creep up and peer through a crack at the scene within.

There, seated upon the earthen floor, were the unregenerate of the plantation. In the very midst of them was Mandy's Jim, and he was dealing from a pack of greasy cards.

It is a wonder that they did not hear the preacher's gasp of horror as he stood there gazing upon the iniquitous performance. But they did not. The delight of High Low-Jack was too absorbing for that, and they suspected nothing of Parker's presence until he slipped around to the door, pushed it open and confronted them like an accusing angel.

Jim leaped to his feet with a strong word upon his lips.

"I reckon you done fu'got, Brothah Jim, what day dis is," said the preacher.

"I ain't fu'got nuffin," was the dogged reply; "I don't see what you doin' roun' hyeah nohow."

"I's a lookin' aftah some strayin' lambs," said Parker, an' I done foun' 'em. You ought to be ashamed o' yo'se'ves, evah one o' you, playin' cyards on de Lawd's day."

There was the light of reckless deviltry in Jim's eyes.

"Dey ain't no ha'm in a little game o' cyards."

"Co'se not, co se not," replied the preacher scornfully. "Dem's des de sins dat's ca'ied many a man to hell wid his eyes wide open, de little no ha'm kin."

I don't reckon you evah played cyards," said Jim sneeringly.

"Yes, I has played, an' I thought I was enjoyin' myse'f ontwell I foun' out dat it was all wickedness an' idleness."

"Oh, I don't reckon you was evah ve'y much of a player. I's knowed lots o' men who has got u'ligion des case dey couldn't win at cyards."

The company greeted this sally with a laugh and then [illegible] aghast at Jim's audacity.

"Ligion's a moughty savin' to de pocket," Jim went on. "We kin believe what we wants to, and I say you nevah was no playah, an' dat's de reason you tuk up de Gospel."

"Hit ain't so. I 'low dey was a time when I could 'a' outplayed any one o' you sinnahs hyeah, but——"

"Prove it!" The challenge shot forth like a pistol's report.

Parker hesitated. "What you mean?" he said.

"Beat me, beat all of us, an' we'll believe you didn't quit playin' case you allus lost. You a preachah now, an' I dah you."

Parker's face turned ashen and his hands gripped together. He was young then, and the hot blood sped tumultuously through his veins.

"Prove it," said Jim; "you cain't. We'd play you outen yo' coat an' back into de pulpit ag in."

You would, would you?" The light of battle was in Parker's eyes, the desire for conquest throbbing in his heart. "Look a-hyeah, Jim, Sunday er no Sunday, preachah er no preachah, I play you th'ee games fu' de Gospel's sake." And the preacher sat down in the circle, his face tense with anger at his tormentor's insinuations. He did not see the others around him. He saw only Jim, the man who had spoken against his cloth. He did not see the look of awe and surprise upon the faces of the others, nor did he note that one of the assembly slipped out of the shed just as the game began.

Jim found the preacher no mean antagonist, but it mattered little to him whether he won or not. His triumph was complete when he succeeded in getting this man, who kept the conscience of the plantation, to sin as others sinned.

"I see you ain't fu'got yo' cunnin'," he remarked as the preacher dealt in turn.

"'Tain't no time to talk now," said Parker fiercely.

The excitement of the onlookers grew more and more intense. They were six and six and it was the preacher's deal. His eyes were bright, and he was breathing quickly. Parker was a born fighter and nothing gave him more joy than the heat of the battle itself. He riffled the cards. Jim cut. He dealt and turned Jack. Jim laughed.

"You know the trick," he said.

"Dat's one game," said Parker, and bent over the cards as they came to him. He did not hear a light step outside nor did he see a shadow that fell across the open doorway. He was just about to lead when a cold voice, full of contempt, broke upon his ear and made him keep the card he would have played poised in his hand.

"And so these are your after meeting diversions, are they, Parker?" said his master's voice.

Stuart Mordaunt was standing in the door, his face cold and stern, while his informant grinned maliciously.

Parker brushed his hand across his brow as if dazed.

"Well, Mas' Stua't, he do play mons'tous well fu' a preachah," said his tempter.

The preacher at these words looked steadily at Jim, and then the realization of his position burst upon him. The tiger in him came uppermost and, with flaming eyes, he took a quick step toward Jim.

"Stop," said Mordaunt, coming between them, "don't add anything more to what you have already done."

"Mas' Stua't, I—I——" Parker broke down, and turning away from the exultant faces, rushed headlong out of the place. His master followed more leisurely, angry and hurt at the hypocrisy of a trusted servant.

Of course the game was over for that day, but Jim and his companions hung around the smoke house for some time, rejoicing in the downfall of their enemy. Afterward, they went to their cabins for dinner. Then Jim made a mistake. With much laughter and boasting he told Mandy all about it, and then suddenly awakened to the fact that she was listening to him with a face on which only horror was written. Jim turned to his meal in silence and disgust. A woman has no sense of humor.

Whaih you gwine?" he asked, as Mandy began putting on her bonnet and shawl with ominous precision.

"I's gwine up to de big house, dat's whaih I's gwine."

"What you gwine dah fu'?"

I's gwine tell Mas' Stua't all erbout hit.

"Don't you dah."

Heish yo' mouf. Don't you talk to me, you nasty, low life scamp. I's gwine tell Mas' Stua't, an' I hope an' pray he'll tek all de hide offen yo' back."

Jim sat in bewildered misery as Mandy flirted out of the cabin; he felt vaguely some of the hopelessness of defeat which comes to a man whenever he attempts to lay sacrilegious hands on a woman's religion or what stands to her for religion.

Parker was sitting alone in his cabin with bowed head when the door opened and his master came across the floor and laid his hand gently on the negro's shoulder.

"I didn't know how it was, Parker," he said softly.

"Oh, I's back slid, I's fell from grace," moaned Parker.

"Nonsense," said his master, "you've fallen from nothing. There are times when we've got to meet the devil on his own ground and fight him with his own weapons."

Parker raised his head gladly. "Say dem wo'ds ag'in, Mas' Stua't," he said.

His master repeated the words, but added: "But it isn't safe to go into the devil's camp too often, Parker."

"I ain't gwine into his camp no mo'. Aftah dis I s gwine to stan' outside an' hollah in." His face was beaming and his voice trembled with joy.

I didn't think I'd preach to-night," he said timidly.

"Of course you will," said Mordaunt, "and your mistress and I are coming to hear you, so do your best."

His master went out and Parker went down on his knees.

He did preach that night and the plantation remembered the sermon.

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Have Men a Right to be Cool?

CIVILIZATION has not yet taught man to take his coat off when the weather grows hot She has done much within the last decade to make the dog-days bearable. Man may now wear a soft shirt and pack his waistcoat away in camphor to await the approach of autumn He may have his trousers made of duck, or the lightest of flannel. He may even reduce the thickness of his coat to a minimum. But coat of some sort he must have

The millions of men who sit in their shirt-sleeves to do their work or to take their rest do so in defiance of what are supposed to be the unchangeable rules of polite and decent behavior. In the country, which is cooler than the city, and where, if anywhere, a man might wear a coat in August, he is allowed to go without one. He may cycle, play tennis, go yachting, or rowing, or golfing comfortably. In town he is doomed to increase his sufferings by sitting encased in woolen cloth It is useless to argue that even in town in the seclusion of the home the rigor of the code is relaxed. Of course it is. But no man dares walk to his office, dine in a restaurant or sit in a theatre without the inevitable coat

In spite of the theory that it is not man who is the slave of *fashion*, the only people who look cool in hot weather are women, who have learned the comfort and the beauty of the crisply clean *shirt-waist* Would not men in fresh, cool looking shirts be equally improved in appearance? It is true that a man who has removed a coat and thereby displayed a waistcoat is an unattractive sight The waistcoat by the nature of its construction is essentially an underneath garment. And if one goes a step farther and, discarding the waistcoat, shows the unlovely mechanism of a pair of "galluses," the result is no better. The ordinary "boiled shirt" of white, with a stiff front indicating by its very shape that the rest of the garment is meant to be concealed, is only an argument for keeping the coat on. But the man in a soft shirt of pleasant color, with a neat belt around his waist, would be the fit companion of the shirt waist girl, and would make the city on a hot day look less sodden with heat.

The world has been so occupied during the past ten or fifteen years with the emancipation of woman that it has quite forgotten the emancipation of man. Poor man now lags behind his sister in many matters, notably this of dress reform. His summer costume is ridiculous and stupid How is something rational to be made the fashion? It is disputed whether tailors or the Prince of Wales decide what shall be the modish thing. No help can come from tailors—they make coats. And the weather in England is rarely so hot that the Prince wants to sit in his shirt-sleeves The sufferer must make the effort himself. But, ridden by tradition as he is, he should have woman's help. If she will smile brightly on downtrodden and despised man when he comes to her dressed comfortably, man may perhaps gather courage to break his shackles—and take his coat off

—H. G. RHODES.

If the average campaign orator could listen to his own voice he would not believe one-half he heard.

How to be Happy Though on a Vacation

WHEN we speak of the army of the discontented we generally refer to the visionaries who want to turn the earth upside down and establish a new order on the ruins of the old civilization But there is another army larger, richer and more interesting than any band of radical reformers, an army composed of the legions of the summer excursionists, summer travelers and the frequenters of summer resorts. It sends out a few scouts and companies just as soon as spring begins to put a touch of laziness in the atmosphere, and then day by day, week by week, its size grows until in August it reaches its climax A half century ago its parade grounds and battlefields in this country scarcely exceeded a modest hundred. To-day they are nearer one hundred thousand, and the section or district with a hill or a vale or a clump of trees or a river that does not have either "delightful summer board" or scenery that entitles it to be called the Switzerland of America is simply lagging behind the times and missing precious opportunities. Perhaps the Emperor Augustus, when he stole a day from February and added it to August and named the month in his own honor, foresaw the part it was to play thousands of years later.

One of the most contented men in history was our old friend Diogenes "A tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander." On one historic day Alexander called on Diogenes and asked him what he could do for him. "Only stand a little out of my sunshine," was the reply. The summer boarder has comfort and luxuries beyond anything which either Diogenes or Alexander ever knew, but he is as discontented as both of them put together. He gets tired of the table and wants other things. The weather does not suit him, his room is not exactly what he wants, and thus it goes. The man in the old story who complained that he had no shoes for his feet became contented when he saw a man without any feet, but the summer traveler with all the conveniences of modern life at his beck and call does not seem to be able to learn the lessons of patience and appreciation Perhaps it is because the more we have the more we expect, and it is hard for us to learn the wisdom of the Spanish proverb, "Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get."

But there is a remedy for much of this dissatisfaction. If the summer traveler would strive to get more information from excursions and outings he would drill himself into a happier frame of mind. Toward the close of his life, Sir Isaac Newton said: "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me" There are more smooth pebbles and pretty shells to be found, and the great ocean of truth still has its mysteries. Mere physical comforts will never bring happiness or contentment, but in interest in things and sympathy with people, and the desire to learn and to know more about life, and to find a wider appreciation of all that is true and beautiful, the summer traveler may find happiness and contentment whether he be camping in the wilderness or occupying the front second-story suite at the highest priced hotel.

LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

Distinctly feminine is the summer girl; yet she is always at her best when there is something masculine about her.

The Extinction of the Life Insurance Agent

THE reading world will receive with conflicting emotions the reports of Professor Mentchikoff's endeavors to prolong life The experimenter denies the original story, which was to the effect that he had found the long sought elixir of life; we, therefore, who are truly good need not fear that certain of the wicked may infest the earth forever. But the experimenter intimated, in his recent communication to the French Academy of Medicine, that though his researches are still in the initial stage it is really possible to arrest for a long time the tendency to physical decay after the prime of life has been passed. He says there is no biological proof that death is absolutely necessary. Stripped of verbiage which is alarming to any one who is not also an advanced physiologist, the Mentchikoff report indicates that as death is due to conflicts between different classes of cells in the human system, it can be postponed, at least, and possibly for a long period, by limiting the reproductive power of such of the cells as prey upon others.

Nothing can absolutely assure us against death, for we shall continue to have with us the deadly cigarette, the pneumonia-inducing draught in which we all like to sit in hot weather, the reckless trolley car, the pistol supposed not to be loaded, the midnight rarebit, the morning cocktail, unripe fruit, over-ripe ditto, the unguarded railway crossing, and scores of other deadly menaces, to say nothing of political campaigns and other murderous struggles.

Yet, even if the prudent may survive in the struggle with old age, humanity will be the gainer in many ways. For instance, we shall no longer be obliged to hear of the good which people would do could they live their lives over again. The life insurance agent will be shorn of his terror, for the final event on which he enlarges would be so remote, and the annual cost of insurance be so greatly reduced, that neither would affright. There would be no excuse for forcing very young persons into society, marriage, and even the learned professions, nor for forcing statesmen out of politics on the plea that they are growing old, nor for shelving judges, physicians, clergymen and teachers at about the time when they have acquired the experience necessary to usefulness.

Some interests might suffer; quite a number of undertakers [illegible] trustees' faces would [illegible] uncanny people who wait for [illegible] other hand, the thousands of well-to-do people who are saving money with which to do good—after they are dead—will become so impatient while waiting that they will be compelled to superintend the projected beneficences instead of leaving their money for trustees, lawyers and "next of kin" to fight over in the dim future. Good luck, Mentchikoff!

—JOHN HABBERTON.

One of the lies of the ages is that might makes right.

Wasting Time to Good Purpose

HERE and there in shops, offices and reformatories is to be seen the legend: "Lost out of the day, five golden minutes set with sixty diamond seconds." The intention of this is to make you fly around and do things. The apostle of work who composed it believes that a man should be employed during every waking moment.

What sort of people should we be if we thought as he thinks he thinks? Leisure is just as needful to the human economy, to the doing of good work, to the rounding of life, as is activity. The man who cannot spare a minute in which to rest, to meditate, to enjoy, is an awful being, and as to directing others—he is impossible. The arm that hammers constantly, the hand that writes without pause for many hours will fall paralyzed, the brain that is kept at a tension, anxious lest a minute should pass without something being done, is destined to do nothing worth the effort, and to find an early conclusion for its anxieties in the asylum or the grave

That spare moments have value is not denied, but it is not always that we can express their best value in work and study. Suppose that a man who rides on an electric car to and from his business believes that the time so occupied is wasted He resolves to study on his way. What is the consequence? His eyes are injured by the effort to fix them on a page which is constantly shaking and passing under varying lights, his attention is distracted by noises in the street and by people coming and going, his fashion of reading becomes disjointed; he is unable to compel his attention to the matter in hand, he loses power of concentration, and it is doubtful if he remembers much that is acquired in so scrappy and inconsequent a fashion, for he can give but half heed to it

These economies of time and substance are made without a sense of the right proportion of things. A distinguished American author suffers from the teaching of a work that he read in his youth, because it urged that boys should save the cord from parcels, for top and kite strings. To this day he finds it difficult to refrain from untying and untangling the yard of twine that comes around a parcel, even though in saving a tenth of a cent he employs time in which his pen might earn a dollar. A man who lives to the limit of his vitality, as he would do if he held the "waste" of a minute as a sin, would have no reserve of strength against accident or illness, and in the end the time saved by putting these minutes of leisure to business account is more than offset by the strain on eyes, nerves, muscles and mind. A margin is necessary to life. Not merely pleasure, but health, demands that the human engine shall now and then slack fire and stand on a siding to cool. Economy and morality can be pushed to extremes that are immoral.

—CHARLES M SKINNER.

The closed church preaches a poor summer sermon.

Cheap Criticism of Dear Beliefs

IT IS becoming more and more difficult to take the investigations of "modern science" seriously. The very term has lost its happy significance Formerly, and not so very long ago, when the word "science" was employed, it had a real meaning. It was used to describe the results of long and patient investigation; it was something the mind could lay hands upon, as it were But in these latter days it stands for countless theories and innumerable suggestions and predictions. The man who claims to be a scientist needs no credentials A line in a newspaper makes him "well-known," or "prominent," as the case may be. He has only to add to his natural gifts the imagination of a reporter.

The intelligent reader is no doubt familiar with the fate which the Scripture has met at the hands of modern theologians. In the name of "scientific criticism" (sometimes called "the higher criticism" in order to protect it from the attacks of the vulgar crowd) the Bible has been demolished Men who are prominent in the pulpit have submitted both their faith and their reason to the conclusions of this "higher criticism"—conclusions which are based on suppositions, theories, suggestions and deductions.

The German theorizers who have put these deductions forward, modestly call themselves "scientists"; consequently their criticism of the Bible is necessarily "scientific"; and a great many people are ready to fall in with the deductions and theories of the enemies of the Bible simply because the latter have put a tag on their productions and labeled them [illegible]

Well, these investigators have just as much right to the tag and label as the venders of patent medicines, who are all the time invoking the name of "science" in behalf of their wares. The right is the same in both cases, and perhaps in both the employment of the term is calculated to deceive a certain portion of the public; but thoughtful people who are not misled by labels which the real scientists of the age—the men who know enough to be able to approach the unknowable with real humility—would repudiate with scorn.

—JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

MICHAEL CUDAHY

The Three Rivals

In the swift changes which are taking place in the geography and politics of the world it is well to bear in mind that there are other victories than those won on battle-fields. The greatest contests that are now going on are not in the clashes of arms but in the rivalries of commerce Nothing like it has been known since man began to trade with his fellow-man. The prizes are stupendous. It is easy to say that the total annual commerce of the earth amounts to eighteen billions of dollars, but the mind can hardly grasp the infinite significance of these figures. It means a change of money and products amounting to almost three millions of dollars every hour of every working day of the year

The most recent calculation as to the division of this trade gives to England 18 3 per cent. Germany 10 8 per cent., and to the United States 9 7 per cent., the rest being divided among the other nations of the world, but no single one of them coming within measurable distance of the three great rivals This calculation, however, although made by one of the greatest experts, is not strictly up to date, since this year, for the first time in history, the United States has crossed the two-billion dollar mark in its exports and imports, and is probably up with if not ahead of Germany. This gives us the belief and the hope that we shall soon pass Germany. Then will come the struggle with Great Britain for the leadership of the world. We are confident, as in all our other ambitions, that we shall win

Germany's Revolution in Thirty Years

Thirty years ago Germany raised more food than she ate and exported much more than she imported. To-day she raises only about one-half, or at the very best three-fourths, of what she requires. And it takes a good big lot to feed her fifty-six million people. One hundred years ago her population was twenty millions. Now it is nearly three times that total, and the conservative estimates are that at the end of the next century it will reach over one hundred millions Thus for Germany the food problem becomes of extraordinary importance

Three decades ago Germany was an agricultural nation To-day she is an industrial nation. Her growth in manufacturing and in commerce has been one of the marvels of the century. With her own people two interesting results have followed The working people who could live on black bread and potatoes a quarter of a century ago are performing a higher class of labor, and they need meat and some of the finer and stronger qualities of food. Through appetite and necessity has come a new demand. The other thing is that the farmers have witnessed the rise of the manufacturers with envy and not altogether without anger, and thus they have called on the Government for aid and protection that will build up their interests as well as the industries Naturally, the more the farmers have had the more [illegible] they have asked; hence what is known as the Agrarian movement in Germany, and its bitter hostility to food importations. One of the ablest and most conservative Berlin journals only a few weeks ago in an impartial view of the situation said: "Every form of foreign competition is an abomination to our farmers, and American competition is the greatest. They would like to entirely forbid importation of agricultural articles into Germany, and have had incredible success in this direction owing to the fact that the Government needed their votes

Thus we have the new Germany with her industries trying to conquer the markets of the world, and with her farmers trying to shut out all the world from the markets of Germany

PHILIP D ARMOUR

Some Figures that Tell Their Own Story

Germany had good crops last year and raised 4,323,547 tons of wheat, but in order to feed her people she had to import 1,370,850 tons, and of this she got more than one half, or 710,318 tons, from America She raised fully two and a half million tons of barley, and she turned nearly all of it into beer. She raised over thirty million tons of potatoes, but her 65,000 distilleries used most of them in producing between sixty and seventy million gallons of alcohol Of rye, which is her principal cereal for food, she raised about seven million tons, and of oats over five million tons She had to look elsewhere for food, for the German, among his other excellent qualities, is a good eater

The demand for meat had to be met. Last year, of Germany's importations, the United States sent the following quantities, the first figures being the total imported by Germany

Bacon 39,726,720 lbs.; from the United States 36,[illegible] Corn 3,578,509,440 lbs ; from the United States 2,742,105,940. Hams 9,503,340 lbs ; from the United States 6,801,740 Lard 246,988,060 lbs.; from the United States 214,494,140 Oleomargarine 40,762,180 lbs.; from the United States 37,771,800. Oats 88,258,880 lbs.; from the United States 46,871,440. Wheat 1,130,709,120 lbs ; from the United States 683,404,580. In addition to this we sent to the Germans nearly one-third of the rye they imported, over one half of all the oils and oil cakes, more than one fourth of all the buckwheat, and many other food products in proportion Last, but not least, of the nineteen million pounds of imported sausages we sent over thirteen million pounds

A further fact: Our trade with Germany is rapidly approaching a total of three hundred millions. But of this we sell to Germany over two hundred millions' worth and buy in return less than one hundred millions' worth

Why Americans are Not Satisfied

On the face of the figures it would seem that this country ought to be satisfied; but it isn't. The German Agrarians in their bitterness against all things American, have sought in every way possible to shut out our products. For instance, there is still in existence a meat inspection law which absolutely forbids the importation into Germany of cattle or fresh meat of American origin. The pretext is that diseases may be introduced, but no claim could be emptier, for American cattle and American meat are the cleanest and the best in the world The most intelligent Germans know this, and they know, too, that it would be to the interest of Germany to admit this meat, so that her industrial workers might have a better and larger supply of food, but the opposition of the farmers, operating through politics, and using the votes which the Government needs, keeps the law enforced

Nor do they stop there. A few months ago they began an aggressive movement for the prohibition of sausages and canned and pickled meats of all kinds from this country. A few weeks ago the Government announced that it would compromise with the Agrarians on the basis of excluding sausages and canned meats, but admitting pickled meat in pieces of over eight pounds, with the proviso that the prohibition of meat imports after 1903 should be withdrawn, and that the question was then to be settled anew.

GEORGE H SWIFT

American Food

It is to be regretted that Congress, which adjourned last month, did not act upon the President's suggestion and authorize an invitation to Germany for "a joint commission of scientific experts and practical men of affairs to conduct a searching investigation of food protection and exportation in both countries." This would have been a characteristic American way of calling the bluff

The main fight, of course, will centre upon American canned goods. No products have had to fight a more uphill battle or have had to overcome more unreasonable opposition. Prejudices had to be conquered—prejudices as old as mankind itself. Many years ago the Arabian learned [illegible] value of dried dates, just as the Indian found that by exposing jerked buffalo to the sun or smoking it [illegible] could preserve it. With progress new methods and larger results came. Salt and sugar kept in the fruit and the meat more of their food qualities Then heat was used and canning began. First the vegetables and fruits were preserved, and then, with improved processes, the meats were treated, and so the development has gone on until almost everything that swims or walks or flies or grows can be put up in a can and kept for months or years in good condition

The Great Packers and Their Work

It is a part of the American's love for fun and exaggeration that he tells so many jokes about the packing establishments of the great West, but great business men like Philip D Armour, Michael Cudahy, George H Swift, Nelson Morris and others, who have developed the enormous packing industries have contributed a great deal to the growth of our American export business

Nothing has been impossible to them. The perfecting of the *modus operandi* has been almost a miracle in itself. A fat hog disappears from sight and reappears in hams and sausages almost before it has quit squealing, and in one of the new establishments just erected in Kansas City there is a machine that picks the feathers off a chicken sooner than it takes to tell about it. What the next steps in invention will be no one can tell

These establishments are open to the public, in fact, they are one of the show sights of Chicago, and if the German experts were to visit them they would be compelled to report with favor upon what they saw

The Best Food for the World

Looking to the future there can be no question as to the increase of American exports to all quarters of the globe The world must look to America for food. Such walls as Germany has tried to erect will come down. In one year this country raised over two billion bushels of corn, in one year it raised more than 612,000,000 bushels of wheat, 809,000,000 bushels of oats, 27,000,000 bushels of rye, 16,000,000 bushels of barley, and 13,000,000 bushels of buckwheat [illegible] on the farms to-day are over two billion dollars' worth of live stock

With all these totals, which no country has ever equaled, and which none can approach to-day, we have fully one third of our area still uncultivated, with great deserts in the far West that are to be made green pastures and fertile farms by irrigation

The quality of our food is the highest; the methods of preserving it are the best, and people in all parts of the world will demand it more and more in spite of local interests and Governments which need votes. America is going to become more and more the great food supply depot of the world.

The EAGLE'S HEART

By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN-TRAVELLED ROADS, BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY, ETC.

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NINTH CHAPTER—WAR ON THE CANNON BALL

THE autumn was very dry, and as the feed grew short on his side of the Cannon Ball, Delmar said to his boss herder, "Drive the herd over the trail, keeping as close to the boundary as you can. The valley through which the road runs will keep us till November, I reckon."

Of this Mose knew nothing, and when he saw the sheep drifting across the line he set forth to turn them. The herder shouted, "Hold on, Mose; let 'em go."

Mose did as he was ordered, but looked around nervously, expecting a charge of cattlemen. Delmar laughed. "Don't worry; they won't make any trouble."

A couple of days later a squad of cowboys came riding furiously over the hill. "See here," they called to Mose, "you turn that stinkin' river of sheep back over the line."

Mose shouted a reply. "I'm not the boss, go talk to him. And, say! you'd better change your tune when you whistle into his ear."

"Oh, ——!" said one contemptuously. "It's that tenderfoot of Pratt's." They rode to the older herder, who laughed at them. "Settle with the 'old man,'" he said. "I'm under orders to feed these sheep and I'm goin' to do it."

"You take them sheep back on your range or you won't have any to feed," said one of the cowboys.

The herder blew a whiff from his lips as if blowing away thistle-down. "Run away, little ones, you disturb my rest."

With blistering curses on him and his sheep, the cowboys rode to the top of a hill and there, turning, fired twice at the herder, wounding him in the arm. The Mexican returned the fire, but to no effect.

When Mose reported this, Delmar's eyebrows drew down over his hawklike eyes. "That's all right," he said ominously. "If they really want war, they'll get it."

"Don't shoot!" he called quickly, with his hands quivering above his head

A few days later he rode over toward the Circle Bar Ranch house. On the way he overtook Williams, riding along alone. Williams did not hear Delmar till he called sharply, "Throw up your hands!"

Williams complied. "Don't shoot!" he called quickly, with his hands quivering above his head. He had heard of Delmar's wonderful skill with weapons.

"Mr. Williams," Delmar began with sinister formality, "your men have been shooting my herders."

"Not by my orders, Mr Delmar. I never said to ——"

"See here, Williams, you are responsible for your cowboys, just as I am for my Mexicans. It's low-down business for you to shoot my men who are working for me at fifteen dollars a month. I'm the responsible party—I'm the man to kill. I want to say right here that I hold you accountable, and if your men maim one of my herders or open fire on 'em again I'll hunt you down and kill you like a wolf. Now ride on, and if you look back before you top that divide I'll put a bullet through you. Good-day."

Williams rode away furiously and was not curious at all, he topped the divide without stopping. Delmar smiled grimly as he wheeled his horse and started homeward.

On the same day, as Mose was lying on the point of a grassy mesa, watching the sheep swarming about a waterhole in the valley below, he saw a cloud of dust rising far up to the north. While he wondered, he heard a wild, rumbling, trampling sound. Could it be a herd of buffalo? His blood thrilled with the hope of it. His sheep were forgotten as the roar increased and wild yells came faintly to his ears. As he jerked his revolver from its holder, around the end of the mesa a herd of wild horses swept, swift as antelope, with tails streaming, with eyes flashing, and behind them, urging them on, whooping, yelling, shooting, came a band of cowboys, their arms flopping, their kerchiefs streaming.

A gasping shout arose from below. "The sheep! the sheep!" Mose turned and saw the other herders rushing for their horses. He realized then the danger to the flock. The horses were sweeping like a railway train straight down upon the gray, dusty, hot river of woolly flesh. Mose shuddered with horror and pity—a moment later and the drove, led by a powerful and vicious brown mare, drove like a wedge straight into the helpless herd, and, leaping, plunging, kicking, stumbling, the powerful and swift little broncos crossed, careering on down the valley, leaving hundreds of dead, wounded and mangled sheep in their path. The cowboys swept on after them with exultant whooping, firing their revolvers at the Mexican herders, who stood in a daze over their torn and mangled herd.

When Mose recovered from his stupefaction, his own horse was galloping in circles, his picket rope dragging, and the boss herder was swearing with a belated malignity which was ludicrous. He swept together into one steady outpour all the native and alien oaths he had ever heard in a long and eventful career among profane persons. When Mose recovered his horse and rode up to him, José was still swearing. He was walking among the wounded sheep, shooting those which he considered helplessly injured. His mouth was dry, his voice husky, and on his lips foam lay in yellow flecks. He ceased to imprecate only when, by repetition, his oaths became too inexpressive to be worth while.

Mose's heart was boyishly tender for any animal, and to see the gentle creatures mangled, writhing and tumbling, uttering most piteous cries, touched him so deeply that he wept. He had no inclination to swear until afterward, when the full knowledge that it was a trick and not an accident came to him. He started at once for the camp to carry the black news.

Delmar did not swear when Mose told him what had happened. He saddled his horse, and buckling his revolvers about him said, "Come on, youngster, I'm going over to see about this."

Mose felt the blood of his heart thicken and grow cold. There was deadly resolution in Delmar's deliberate action. Prevision of a bloody fray filled the boy's mind, but he could not retreat. He could not let his boss go alone into an enemy's country, therefore he rode silently after.

Delmar galloped steadily on toward the Circle Bar Ranch house. Mile after mile was traversed at steady gallop till the powerful little ponies streamed with salty sweat. At last Delmar drew rein and allowed Mose to ride by his side.

"You needn't be alarmed," he said, "these hounds won't shoot; they're going to evade it, but I shall hold 'em to it—trust me, my boy."

As they topped a ridge and looked down into Willow Creek, where the Ranch house stood, several horsemen could be seen riding in from the opposite side. A group of men waited Delmar's approach, and every man was armed. Each face wore a look of constraint, though one man advanced hospitably. "Good afternoon, gentlemen; ride your horses right into the corral, and the boys'll take the saddles off," he said.

"Where is Williams?" asked Delmar as he slid from his horse.

"Gone to town; anything I can do for you? I'm his boss."

"You tell Mr Williams," said Delmar, with menacing calm, "I came to tell him that a drove of horses belonging partly to you and partly to Hartley, of 'the Horseshoe,' were stampeded through my sheep yesterday, killing over two hundred of them."

Conrad replied softly. "I know, I know! I just heard of it. Too bad! but you understand how it is. Herds get going that way, and you can't stop 'em nor head 'em off."

"Your men didn't try to head 'em off."

"How about that, boys?" inquired Conrad, turning confidently to the younger men.

Delmar sat on his horse and watched the boy till he was diminished to a minute dot

A long, freckled, grinning ape stepped forward.

"Well, it was this way: we was a-tryin' to head the herd off, and we didn't see the sheep till we was right into 'em."

"That's a lie!" said Mose. "You drove the horses right down the valley into the sheep. I saw you do it."

"You call me a liar and I'll blow your heart out,' shouted the cowboy, dropping his hand to his revolver.

"Halt!" said Delmar. "Easy now, you young cock-a-lorum. It ain't useful to start shooting where Andrew Delmar is."

Conrad spoke sharply: "Jim, shut up.' Turning to Mose: "Where did it happen?"

"In Boulder Creek, just south of the road."

Conrad turned to Delmar in mock surprise. "*South* of the road! Your sheep must 'a' strayed over the line, Mr Delmar. As they was on our side of the range I don't see that I can do anything for you. If they'd been on the north side——"

"That'll do," interrupted Delmar. "I told you that so long as the north side fed my sheep I would keep them there to accommodate your stockmen. I give notice now that I shall feed where I please, and I shall be with my sheep night and day, and the next man that crosses my sheep will leave his bones in the grass with the dead sheep, and likely a horse or two besides." He stepped toward Conrad. "Williams has had his warning; I give you yours. I hold you responsible for every shot fired at my men. If one of my men is shot I'll kill you and Williams at sight. Good-day."

"What'll we do?" called one of the cowboys.

Delmar turned, and his eyes took on a wild glare.

"I'll send you to —— so quick you won't be able to open your mouth. Throw up your hands!" The man's hands went up. "Why, I'd earmark ye and slit each nostril for a [illegible]."

Conrad strove for peace. "Be easy on him, Delmar; he's a crazy fool, anyway; he don't know you."

"He will after this," said Delmar. "I'll trouble you, Mr Conrad, to collect all the guns from your men." Mose drew his revolver. "My boy here is handy, too. I don't care to be shot in the back as I ride away. Drop your guns, every scab of ye!"

"I'll be d——d if I do."

"Drop it!" snapped out Delmar, and the tone of his voice was terrible to hear. Mose's heart stopped beating; he held his breath, expecting the shooting to begin.

Conrad was white with fear as he said: "Give 'em up, boys. He's a desperate man. Don't shoot, you fools."

One by one, with a certain amount of bluster on the part of two, the cowboys dropped their guns, and Delmar said "Gather 'em in, Mose."

Mose leaped from his horse and gathered the weapons up. Delmar thrust the revolvers into his pockets, and handed one Winchester to Mose.

"You'll find your guns on that rise beside yon rock," said Delmar, "and when we meet again, it will be Merry War. Good-day."

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 16.

An angry man knows no line of moderation. Delmar, having declared war, carried it to the door of the enemy. Accompanying the sheep himself, he drove them into the fairest feeding-places beside the clearest streams. He spared no pains to irritate the cattlemen, and Mose, who alone of all the outsiders realized to the full his terrible skill with weapons, looked forward with profound dread to the fight which was sure to follow.

He dreaded the encounter for another reason. He had no definite plan of action to follow in his own case. A dozen times a day he said to himself: "Am I a coward?" His stomach failed him, and he ate so sparingly that it was commented upon by the more hardened men. He was the greater troubled because a letter from Jack came during this stormy time wherein occurred this paragraph: "Mary came back to the autumn term. Her mother is dead, and she looks very pale and sad. She asked where you were and said, 'Please tell him that I hope he will come home safe, and that I am sorry I could not see him before he went.'

All the bitterness in his heart long stored up against her passed away in a moment and, sitting there on the wide plain under the burning sun, he closed his eyes in order to see once more, in the cold gray light of the prison, that pale, grave girl with the glorious eyes

He saw her, too, as Jack saw her, her gravity turned into sadness, her pallor into the paleness of grief and ill health He admitted now that no reason existed why she should write to him while her mother lay dying. All cause for hardness of heart was passed away. The tears came to his eyes and he longed for the sight of her face. For a moment the boy's wild heart grew tender

He wrote her a letter that night, and it ran as well as he could hope for, as he re-read it next day on his way to the post-office twenty miles away

"*Dear Mary:* Jack has just sent me a long letter and has told me what you said. I hope you will forgive me. I thought you didn't want to see me or write to me. I didn't know your mother was sick. I thought you ought to have written to me, but of course I understand now. I hope you will write in answer to this and send your picture to me. You see I never saw you in daylight and I'm afraid I'll forget how you look

"Well, I'm out in the wild country, but it ain't what I want. I don't like it [illegible] boys are [illegible] There ain't much game here neither. I kill an antelope once in a while, or a deer down on the bottoms, but I haven't *seen* a bear or a buffalo yet. I want to go to the mountains now. This country is too tame for me. They say you can see the Rockies from a place about one hundred miles from here. Some day I'm going to ride over there and take a look. I haven't seen any Indians yet. We are likely to have shooting soon

If you write address to Running Bear, Cheyenne County, and I'll get it. I'll go down again in two weeks. Since Jack wrote I want to see you awful bad, but of course it can't be done so write me a long letter

'Yours respectfully

"HAROLD EXCELL

"Address your letter to Mose Harding; they don't know my real name out here. I'll try to keep out of trouble.'

He arrived in Running Bear just at dusk and went straight to the post-office, which was in an ill-smelling grocery. Nothing more forlornly disreputable than "the Beast" (as the cowboys called the town) existed in the State. It was built on the low flat of the Big Sandy, and was composed of log huts (beginning already to rot at the corners) and unpainted shanties of pine, gray as granite, under wind and sun. There were two "hotels," where for "two bits" one could secure a dish of evil-smelling ham and eggs and some fried potatoes, and there were six saloons, where one could secure equally evil-minded whiskey at ten cents a glass. A couple of rude groceries completed the necessary equipment of a "cow-town."

There was no allurement to vice in such a place as this so far as Mose was concerned, but a bunch of cowboys had just ridden in for "a good time," and to reach the post-office he was forced to pass them. They studied him narrowly in the dusk, and one fellow said, "That's Delmar's sheep-herder, let's have some fun with him. Let's convert him."

"Oh, let him alone; he's only a kid."

"Kid! He's big as he'll ever be. I'm goin' to string him a few when he comes out."

Mose's breath was very short as he posted his letter, for trouble was in the air. He tried his revolvers to see that they were free in their holsters, and wiped the sweat from his hands and face with his big bandanna. He entered into conversation with the storekeeper, hoping the belligerent gang would ride away. They had no such intention, but went into a saloon next door to drink, keeping watch for Mose. One of them, a slim, consumptive-chested man, grew drunk first. He was entirely harmless when sober, and served as the butt of all jokes, but the evil liquor paralyzed the small knot of gray matter over his eyes and set loose his irresponsible lower centres. He threw his hat on the ground and defied the world in a voice absurdly large and strenuous

His thin arms swung aimlessly, and his roaring voice had no more heart in it than the blare of a tin horn. His eyes wandered from face to face in the circle of his grinning companions who egged him on

His insane, reeling capers vastly amused them. One or two, almost as drunk as he, occasionally wrestled with him, and they rolled in the dust like dirty bear cubs. They were helpless so far as physical struggle went, but shooting was second nature to them, and their hands were deadly

As Mose came out to mount his horse the crowd saw him and one vicious voice called out

Here, Bill, here's a sheep walker can do you up."

Then his revolvers began to speak and the crowd fell back

The crowd whooped with keen delight and, streaming over, surrounded Mose, who stood at bay not far from his horse in the darkness—a sudden numbness in his limbs

What do you want o' me?" he asked. "I've nothing to do with you." He knew that this crowd would have no mercy on him and his heart almost failed him

'Here's a man wants to lick you," replied one of the herders.

The drunken man was calling somewhere in the crowd. "Where is he? Lemme get at him." The ring opened and he reeled through and up to Mose, who was standing ominously quiet beside his horse. Bill seized him by the collar and said: "You want 'o fight?"

'No," said Mose, too angry at the crowd to humor the drunken fool. "You take him away or he'll get hurt

"Oh, he will, will he?"

"Go for him, Bill" yelled the crowd in glee

The drunken fool gave Mose a fling

"Let go o' me," said Mose, his heart swelling with wrath.

The drunken one aimlessly cuffed him. Then the blood-red film dropped over the young eagle's eyes. He struck out and his assailant went down. Then his revolvers began to speak and the crowd fell back. They rolled, leaped or crawled to shelter, and when the bloody mist cleared away from his brain, Mose found himself in his saddle, his swift pony galloping hard up the street, with pistols cracking behind him. His blood was still hot with the murderous rage which had blinded his eyes. He did not know whether he had begun to shoot first or not, he did not know whether he had killed any of the ruffians or not, but he had a smarting wound in the shoulder, from which he could feel the wet, warm blood trickling down

Once he drew his horse to a walk and half-turned him to go back and face the mob, which he could hear shouting behind him, but the thought of his wound and the fear that his horse had also been hit, led him to ride on. He made a detour on the plains, and entered a ravine which concealed him from the town, and there alighted to feel of his horse's limbs, fearing each moment to come upon a wound, but he was unhurt, and as the blood had ceased to flow from his own wound, the youth made off into the darkness

He heard no sound of his pursuers, but nevertheless rode on rapidly, keeping the west wind in his face and watching sharply for fences. At length he found his way back to the river trail and the horse galloped steadily homeward. As he rode the boy grew very sad and discouraged. He had again given way to the spirit of murder. Again he had intended to kill, and he seemed to see two falling figures: one the man he had smitten with his fist, the other one whose revolver was flashing fire as he fell

Then he thought of Mary and the sad look in her eyes when she should hear of his fighting again. She would not be able to get at the true story She would not know that these men attacked him first and that he fought in self-defense. He thought of his father, also, with a certain tenderness, remembering how he had stood by him in his trial. "Who will stand by me now?" he asked himself, and the thought of the Platts helped him. Delmar, he felt sure, would defend him, but he knew the customs of the cattle country too well to think the matter ended there. He must hereafter shoot or be shot If these men met him again he must disable them instantly, or [illegible] Hadn't I better just keep right on riding?" he kept asking some sense within him, but decided at last to return to Delmar

It was deep night when he reached the camp and his horse was covered with foam Delmar was sitting by the campfire as he came in from the dark

'Hello, boy, what's up?'

Mose told him the whole story in a few incoherent phrases The old man examined and dressed his wound, but remained curiously silent throughout the story. At last he said. "See here, my lad; let me tell you this is serious business. I don't mean this scratch of a bullet—don't you be uneasy about that, but this whole row is mine They haven't any grudge against you, but you're a sheep herder for me, and that is bad business just now. If you've killed a man they'll come a-rippin' up here about daylight with a warrant. You can't get justice in this country You'll face a cowboy jury and it'll go hard with you. There's just one thing to do: you've got to git right close to where the west winds come from and do it quick. Throw the saddles on Bone and Rusty and we'll hit the trail. I know a man who'll take care of you."

He whistled a signal and one of the herders came in "Send Pablo here," he said. "Now, roll up any little trinkets that you want to take with you," he said a few minutes later as they were saddling the two broncos. "You can't afford to stay here and face this thing; I had no business to set you on the wrong side. I knew better all the time, but I liked you, and ——"

The herder came in. "Pablo, I'm going across country on a little business. If anybody comes asking for me or Mose here, say you don't know where we went, but that you expect us back about noon. Be ready to shoot if the cowboys may try to stampede you again while I'm gone."

"You better stay and look after the sheep," began Mose as they started away, "you can't afford ——"

"Oh, —— the sheep. I got you into this scrape and I'll see you out of it

As they galloped away, leading Mose's worn pony, Delmar continued: "You're too young to start in as a killer!

You've got somebody back in the States who thinks you're out here making a man of yourself, and I like you too well to see you done up by these dirty cow-country lawyers I'm going to quit the country myself after this fall shipment, and I want you to come down my way some time. You'd better stay up here till spring."

They rode steadily till daylight, and then Delmar said. "Now I think you're perfectly safe, for this reason: These cusses know you came into the country with Pratt, and they'll likely ride over and search the Cannon Ball settlement. I'll ride around that way and detain 'em a while and make 'em think you're hiding out, while you make tracks for upper country. You keep this river trail. Don't ride too hard, as if you was runnin' away, but keep a steady gait, and give your horse one hour out o' four to feed. Here's a little snack; don't waste time, but slide along without sleeping as long as you can.

"You'll come in sight of the mountains about noon and you'll see a big bunch o' snow-peaks off to the left. Make straight for that, and after you go about one day bear sharp to the left, and begin to ask for Bob Reynolds on the Arickaree—everybody knows Bob. Just give him this note and tell him the whole business; he'll look out for you. Now, good-by, boy. I'm sorry—but my intentions were good."

Mose opened his heart at last. "I don't like to desert you this way, Mr. Delmar," he said. "I'd rather stay and fight it out."

"I won't have it," replied Delmar

"You're going to have a lot of trouble."

"Don't you worry about me, and don't you feel streaked about pulling your freight You started wrong on the Cannon Ball. Bob will put you right. The cattlemen will rule there for some years yet. Now, good-by, lad, and take care of yourself."

Mose's voice trembled as he took Delmar's hand and said: "Good-by, Mr. Delmar, I'm awfully obliged to you."

"That's all right—now git."

Mose, once more on his own horse, galloped off to the west, his heart big with love for his stern benefactor. Delmar sat on his horse and watched the boy till he was diminished to a minute dot on the dim swells of the plain. Then he wiped a little moisture from his eye with the back of his brown, small hand, and turned his horse's head to the east.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

Measuring the Corona's Heat

The most interesting discovery made through the observations of the recent total eclipse was that the sun's corona gives out a certain amount of heat. This was ascertained by Professor S. P Langley with the aid of an instrument of his own invention which he calls the "bolometer." The bolometer is a little thread of platinum one five-hundredth of an inch wide and one five-thousandth of an inch thick, through which a current of electricity is kept flowing. A tiny beam of light from the corona was thrown upon it, and the record of temperature which it gave, as compared with the absolute zero of the dark disk of the moon passing in front of the solar orb, proved that there was warmth in the filmy radiance surrounding the sun.

The measurement of temperature was accomplished by means of an extremely sensitive galvanometer connected electrically with the thread of platinum. This is an instrument of such extraordinary precision that it may be counted on to record a change of one-millionth of one degree Centigrade. Its most essential part is a little balance, the beam of which is a thread of spun glass five inches long and less in diameter than a human hair. In the exact middle of the balance is a concave mirror as big as a rather large pin-head. This mirror is actually worth its weight in diamonds, being so accurately made that it will fit perfectly upon a sphere six feet in diameter, and it weighs only two and one-half milligrammes—about as much as the hind leg of a fly. It is fastened upon a square piece cut from a dragon-fly's wing, and the balance that carries it is suspended from a fibre of spun quartz-crystal two feet long and one five-thousandth of an inch thick.

The beam of the balance rotates as the platinum thread already mentioned detects variations of temperature, and, as it does so, the tiny concave mirror throws a reflected ray of light upon a measuring scale of white paper. The dot of light runs along the scale and registers the temperature changes with perfect exactness. Professor Langley has been using this instrument to explore the regions of unknown colors above the violet and below the red of the solar spectrum, and in that work, substituting for the scale a sensitive plate moved by clockwork, he has made continuous photographs of the invisible parts of the rainbow. It was like making a long journey into a hitherto undiscovered country, taking snapshots with a camera by the way.

New-Process Bread Making

It might have been imagined that the art of making bread was so perfectly developed long ago that no improvements in it were possible. Nevertheless, it appears that certain processes have been recently discovered which represent a substantial advance To begin with, the dough ingredients are subjected to much more energetic treatment than has hitherto been customary. The action is centrifugal and one result of it is to distribute the water and the gluten through every particle of the mass. Meanwhile a complete aeration of the dough is accomplished by throwing into the mixing chamber a continuous blast of cold air

Not long ago the Department of Agriculture investigated the subject and came to the conclusion that the prices charged for bread were exorbitantly high. The average baker converts $100 worth of flour and other ingredients into $216 worth of bread, the difference in price being paid by the consumer for the manufacturing.

The superstition that the flour of the present day loses much of its nutriment through the separating process has been exploded. It retains all of its starch, which is the best possible fuel for the body machine, losing only nitrogen, which is supplied in plenty by meats. As to the supposed superior healthfulness of whole wheat and Graham breads, that is another error, the fact being that they are apt to be imperfectly digested. It is an interesting fact, by the way, that the average family of five persons consumes about 1000 pounds of bread in a year.

New Appendicitis Theory

In these days when appendicitis is so common an ailment the doctors are putting forth every effort to arrive at a clearer understanding of it. The time has long gone by since the grape seed and the toothbrush bristle were held accountable, and we may now eat our grapes and brush our teeth quite without the menace of a month in the hospital. Medical men generally agree that appendicitis is due to the presence of a bacillus.

One of the latest and most ingenious theories to account for the malady is that put forth by a medical man who believes that it is caused by the habit of sitting with the legs crossed. Nine men out of ten—leaving tailors out of the reckoning—spend many of their sedentary hours with the right leg crossed over the left. As the vermiform appendix is on the right side it requires no great stretch of the imagination to believe that such a posture may cramp and constrict the little sac to an extent sufficient to cause trouble. Whether or not this explanation be accepted there can be no harm in crossing one's legs the other way about.

The World's Yield of Copper

The world's consumption of copper has grown so enormously within the last few years that it seems doubtful whether the stores of that metal made available to man by Nature will satisfy the future demand. In 1880 the output of copper in this country was 60,480,000 pounds, valued at $11,491,000. The production in 1890 was considerably more than four times as great, amounting to 205,115,000 pounds, with a value of $30,849,000. Since then the annual yield has been doubled, the record for 1898 being no less than 526,513,000 pounds, with a value of $61,865,000. Figures for 1899 are not yet fully made up by the United States Geological Survey, but it is believed that they will reach 575,000,000 pounds.

Already some of the most important of the world's deposits of copper are showing signs of approaching exhaustion. On the other hand, means have been found for extracting copper from ores of such low grade that they have been regarded as worthless only a short time ago, and thus enormous supplies hitherto unavailable have been placed within reach. In the Lake Superior region at the present time ores are profitably worked that contain only one per cent copper—an achievement which half a dozen years ago would have been considered an impossibility

This country produces more than half the copper of the world. In the Lake Superior region, where are found the only mines in the United States that yield metallic copper in large quantities, it sometimes occurs in nuggets weighing hundreds of pounds

The Unknown Boer

By Clinton Scollard

'TWAS after the Modder River fight, that day-long dream of hell,
When the deadly bullets whispered "Fate," and the air was a reek of shell,
That a squad of British soldiers came to a little garden space,
And found therein a single Boer flat fallen on his face.

His bandolier was cartridge-crammed, his bulgy pockets, too;
In the creviced wall his rifle lay where he had thrust it through,
One broken arm was bandage-gripped—that had not made him quail!
But a gory spot upon his brow proclaimed its fatal tale.

The wall before was scored with lead; behind, the garden plot,
Erewhile a-smile with bud and bloom, was plowed with plunging shot;
Others had fled the shrapnel dread that seemed the earth to rend,
But, in himself a host, his post he'd held unto the end.

A silent reverence lit the eyes of those that looked on him,
And all of them were fearless men, unflinching, stern and grim,
A grave they made beneath the shade of bourgeoned apple boughs,
And there they laid him, comrade-like, within his narrow house.

They placed a cross above his head, nor did their service cease
Till one had writ—"An Unknown Boer"—and then, thereafter, "Peace!"
Why, do you ask, this kindliness above a foeman's grave?
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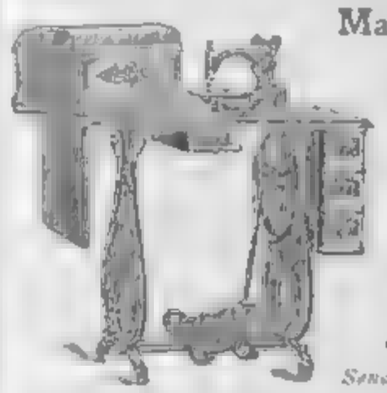

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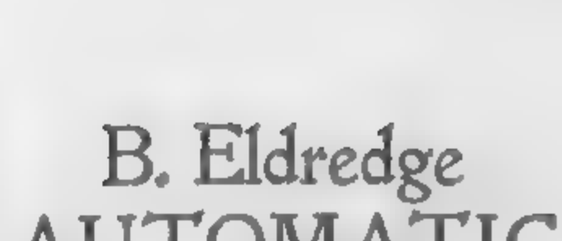

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The Saturday Evening Post

Among the articles and stories in next week's issue will be:

The Empress of the East

A personal sketch of the most powerful woman in Asia, based on new material gathered in the Forbidden City a few weeks ago by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST'S special correspondent. This is the most intimate sketch that has yet been written about this remarkable woman.

By Frank G. Carpenter

A Treaty of Peace

An Egyptian story of love, adventure, diplomacy and—almost—of tragedy.

By Gilbert Parker

Women in English Politics

A timely paper on the part played by English women at the hustings and on election days.

By Lady Jeune

Dovecote Days

A love story of an army officer and an American girl who meet in Manila during the war.

By General Charles King

Stephen Crane: Soldier of Fortune

An intimate, personal sketch of the gifted author of The Red Badge of Courage; by his friend

Hamlin Garland

John Chinaman at Home

A fully illustrated article on the Chinese fighting-man and his strange beliefs and superstitions. This paper was written on the spot, from trustworthy data, only a few weeks before the landing of Admiral Kempff's marines.

By Rev. Francis E. Clark

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At the English Court

THE Prince of Wales hates to be photographed. Since the camera fiend has been let loose upon the land the Prince at every turn hears the aggravating "click" that presages the snap-shot, and it has got on his nerves. He is haunted by the camera, and it is really humorous to behold the trouble he goes to that he may not be shot by it. There have been a number of very laughable scenes of late between the Prince's caretakers and the amateur photographers, more particularly on the race courses of the Kingdom.

His Royal Highness is very fond of having a free and easy time of it when he goes racing, and he sees that he gets it. For instance, at Epsom, where the Derby is run, a series of steps leads from the Royal inclosure to a lawn that faces the Press stand—a lawn that is used by journalists and others. The Prince soon has enough of the Royal inclosure and, cigarette or cigar in mouth, drops down among the pencil-pushers and those who have entrée to the lawn, and chats and laughs with all whom he knows in the most democratic manner imaginable.

On Derby day a camera enthusiast got into this inclosure and prepared to revel in the faces of the great, for among the many who had come with the Prince were the Duke of York and Lord Rosebery, the Dukes of Devonshire and Portland, Earl Spencer and Lord Rothschild. As the photographer was gazing greedily at the little square of glass, waiting for a proper focus on the Prince, the camera was suddenly bumped out of his hand, a foot went "crash" upon it, and an exquisitely-dressed man of a military cut turned and, in a manner that was most convincingly genuine, apologized abjectly for the damage he, in the haste of passing, had caused.

He offered to pay for the broken machine, but the grins on the faces of the onlookers told the photographer the truth, and he departed as quickly as he had come. When the Prince, after the race, led in "Diamond Jubilee," he took off his hat and clapped it over his face so that the cinematograph should not catch him. Cameras are on his nerves just at the moment.

Croker Momentarily Nonplused

"Boss" Croker to be sure was in attendance at the Derby to see Disguise II, the American horse which came in third, run. His bulldog face with its short-clipped iron-gray beard, his ill-fitting, almost uncouth clothes, his taciturn bearing, made him a striking figure in the crowd of high-born Englishmen in which he mixed. Most of the latter had a nod or a few words for him, and, leaning rather heavily on the thick stick which he gripped tenaciously as he held his cigar between his lips, he shuffled about the lawn, looking, although surely not feeling, pretty much out of place.

There was one moment of the day when the Boss of New York was obviously nonplused. That was when he passed through the gate into the members' inclosure. It so happened that at the very moment the gate swung behind him the Prince of Wales made his appearance in the Royal box immediately in front of the gate, and the crowd, anticipating a win for the Prince, gave His Royal Highness a rousing cheer.

Croker did not see the Prince, and when the cheer burst upon him he stopped in his tracks. Could that cheer be in honor of him? His face was as stoical as a red Indian's, but it was plain that he was turning the matter over in his mind. For some moments he stood as rigid as a statue, then cautiously turned his gaze over his shoulder. There he beheld tens of thousands of faces, but it took only a glance to see that their gaze was directed far above his head. He, too, looked aloft, and saw the Prince bowing to the crowd. Turning his cigar in his lips, he shuffled on.

A Great Duke's Economy

As I have said, the Duke of Portland was present. The Duke is what the Scottish people call "a full man"; he knows he is the Duke of Portland and is proud of his position in the world without being in any way conceited or haughty. Always exquisitely groomed, he is most polite and affable to all, and consequently is popular with Prince and pauper alike. In front of the Press box at Epsom a seat runs along, shot out as it were from the members' inclosure. On Derby day the end position on this bench is invariably occupied by the Lord Chief Justice. Next to Lord Russell of Killowen usually sits Lord Rothschild and then comes the Duke of Portland, who for wealth is nearly the peer of Rothschild himself.

During the hour that intervened between the previous race and the classic Derby the Duke, the stump of a cigar in his mouth, turned to a newspaper man and said: "Can you oblige me with a match?"

The journalist slipped his fingers into his pocket and pulled out his last two wax matches.

"Oh, I may have the two, may I? I am exceedingly obliged to you," said His Grace gratefully.

With the first match he managed to light the cigar. Then, slipping his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, he brought out an exquisite gold match-box, opened it—and every one present, including Rothschild, the Lord Chief Justice and the newspaper man, saw that it was half full of matches. But the Duke slipped the journalist's last match in with the others and put the box back into his pocket.

"That's the way to get rich and to keep rich," whispered one of the onlookers, and the absent-minded Duke could not for the life of him make out why every one in his vicinity was grinning.

A Compliment with a "Butt"

Miss Clara Butt is just now the queen of contralto singers. Not only has she a superb voice but she is a magnificent specimen of a young Englishwoman, tall and divinely stately. Madam Antoinette Sterling, who some years ago was the popular favorite of English contraltos—she, to be sure, is an American—has of late years, to all intents and purposes, retired, and now sings only at charity bazars and such gatherings. She is a great admirer of Miss Clara Butt.

After singing at a charity gathering the other day Madam Sterling was approached by a great one and complimented on her talents. Thanking him for his good words she laughingly continued:

"But you know, sir, in the compliments paid to us contralto singers there is now always a Butt."

Miss Butt is now a bride, and her admirers hope this will not be allowed to interfere with her appearing in public.

A Much-Knighted Soldier

Sir George White, the man who defended Ladysmith, has not gone in for collecting postage stamps or spoons, but has tried to collect Knighthoods and has succeeded better than any commoner in the United Kingdom. If any one in America wishes to address a postal card to Sir George, here is how he may do it and be sure he is right:

"Sir George White, V. C., G. C. B., K. C. B., G. C. S. I., G. C. I. E., G. C. V. O." For Sir George is five times over a Knight, and only two other British subjects, not of Blood Royal, have so many Knighthoods. These other much distinguished men are the Marquis of Dufferin—who once upon a time was Governor-General of Canada—and Lord Roberts, a noble lord well known in the Transvaal. But among commoners Sir George's collection of Knighthoods is unique, as no other has more than three of the coveted orders.

Stanley to Quit Public Life

I saw Sir Henry M. Stanley a few days ago taking his walk along the embankment from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars. Sir Henry, although he walked briskly enough and had a certain amount of spring in his steps, is now very white, and years of toil in the Dark Continent, which he has helped to make more light, have bowed his head and wrinkled his face.

Stanley at the last general election stood as Conservative candidate for a South London constituency, and his wife, after engineering a vigorous campaign, had the gratification of seeing him returned at the top of the poll. Sir Henry—he was plain Mr. Stanley then—entered Parliament with his mind set on making his mark in the House, but found himself too old and too ponderous in debate to make much headway. So he has been a silent member, and has no intention of standing for reelection when the country is next called upon to make its will known.

—E. W. SABEL.

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The Making of a Railroad Man

THE RAILROAD TELEGRAPHER

By W. A. Gardner, General Manager Chicago and Northwestern Railway

AT A PERIOD fifteen or twenty years ago the applicant for situation as office boy in a country railway office was, generally speaking, a schoolboy with an ambition to do something besides play in his leisure moments. Installed through the kindness of a friendly agent, he was expected to act as janitor, messenger, battery cleaner, baggageman, etc., and in return was permitted to set up a "short circuit" in the corner of the station. He was also provided with the Morse alphabet and allowed to work out his own salvation, with such infrequent assistance as might be rendered by the busy agent who then, as to-day, had a larger range and variety of duties than any one other employee in railway service—and it may truthfully be said attended to them all in an energetic and satisfactory manner.

By diligent application, in the course of a few months the "student" can catch a train order as it passes over the wire. Owing to the constant repetition of the same words and phrases in telegraphic train orders, it is much easier for the beginner to "take" or copy this form of message than to familiarize himself with the uncommon or unusual wording of commercial telegrams.

On some never-to-be-forgotten day he answers the office call, receives an order and repeats or "thirteens" it to the dispatcher, who, in his opinion, is a several degrees higher king and potentate than his school history ever recorded. He receives the O. K. and delivers the copy to the conductor, concealing his very recently acquired importance as best he can; then comes the reaction and he experiences many misgivings until he knows that the directions issued by the dispatcher, through him, have actually gone through.

Thus he is introduced to responsibility, and, notwithstanding the fact that his excited brain probably awakens him that night in a cold perspiration, he is anxious to embrace another similar opportunity the following day. Experience soon begets self-confidence, and in a relatively short time he is a full-fledged night operator, as profuse in his explanations for dozing two minutes at 2.30 A. M. as all the rest of his kind are and ever will be.

The Parting of the Ways

Unusual events in the life of day or night operator, at the average country station, are few. Imaginative writers exploit turning the red light and shunting a lightning express on a spur track, while the hot breath of a compound engine fans the operator's cheek, but there really is not much diversity from the regular humdrum of other vocations. One important thing, which operators are taught and must comprehend beyond the shadow of a doubt, is absolute correctness in everything that pertains to telegraphic train movement. Very few accidents are attributed to the negligence of operators or train dispatchers. Taking the opportunity for errors into consideration, it is perfectly consistent to say that this class of employees makes fewer mistakes, decidedly, than any other equal number of men in the country. In the course of events there comes a time when the operator must select the corner-stone of his structure. In other words three lines open to him:

First. If he be an expert telegrapher, he may obtain a larger immediate advance in salary by accepting service in a commercial telegraph office. It has been possibly an unfortunate thing for some men that they were superexcellent operators, in that, though there are many honorable and lucrative positions with the commercial telegraph companies, the opportunities for preferment are few, as compared with those of the railway service.

Second. If, in general terms, he possesses a faculty for trade, with an ability to meet the public in such a manner as to reflect credit upon his road, he will naturally drift to the commercial or traffic department, and eventually become a general officer, and, very likely, chief executive of that exceedingly important arm of the service. Investigation of personal records of different traffic officials will disclose the fact that a large percentage of them were originally telegraph operators and agents.

Third. On account of unusual interest displayed in the transportation branch, the operator will be called to the office of the train dispatcher or division superintendent, to serve an apprenticeship which will eventuate in placing him, nine times out of ten, on that particular round of the ladder consistent with his abilities, the limitations being almost entirely dependent upon individual effort and application.

It does not follow that every individual who acquires a practical knowledge of telegraphy remains in railway service. On the contrary, men who were at one time operators fill very responsible positions in all other walks of life, commercial as well as professional. The discipline they are subjected to in their telegraphic career is certainly not a detriment in later life, and a comparison of individuals sometimes makes us regret that more of them did not start from the telegraph table. But we are engaged with the telegraph operator from a railway standpoint. In the early operation of railways it was necessary to run but few trains, and they were governed by a printed schedule which gave their time at each station or town and said, in so many words, at what particular points they should pass one another. Later, rules were added that should two trains meet between sidings the one nearer to the switch must back up and give way to the other. This resulted in arguments as to which one was actually nearer. Occasionally engineers, in their rivalary, neglected properly to control their trains, and collisions resulted. Then some ingenious mind invented a scheme wherein a certain time limit conferred rights to use the track. It is said that only one man ever fully understood this scheme. He died young.

Improvements in Train Movements

Numerous changes were made in the rules relative to train movements, but increasing business brought new complications. Finally, a clear-headed telegraph operator in Central Illinois had the courage to take the reins in his own hands one day, and to issue by telegraph a peremptory order for two belated trains to meet and pass at a designated point; forthwith he became a train dispatcher, and this transportation difficulty was eliminated. This gentleman is still in railway service and, although he has long since left the detail to others, there is reason to believe that he is still a keen observer of every phase of railway operation.

I have endeavored to demonstrate that the dispatcher is a necessity to prompt train movement under conditions where the customary printed time schedule is not equal to the complications and emergencies of heavy business. Ordinarily, regular scheduled trains do not require assistance. The conductor and engineer have a personal pride in running on time, but unforeseen detentions occur in various localities and, in order to prevent a stand-still, the dispatcher steps in and supplements the general regulations by a system of positive orders. He says to one "stay" and that train stops; to another "go ahead" and it proceeds. The methods employed in telegraph train orders have improved from time to time, and what is known as the American Railway Association Code is the recognized standard. This consists of prescribed forms for application in the great majority of movements. The rudiments may be easily understood by a plain illustration. Let A, B and C represent three localities—A and C extremes, B intermediate. Train No. 1 is at A; train No. 2 at C. The dispatcher calls A and B office and sends simultaneous orders for Nos. 1 and 2 to meet and pass at B. This order is repeated word for word by the receiving operators to the train dispatcher, who copies it in a book when the first man repeats, then checks each word as the second office repeats, then gives "O. K." or "Complete" to each office. Then, and not until then, the trains may proceed, each having an order of the same identical phraseology—therefore no errors can occur. Of course this runs off into numerous variations and refinements not easily understood by the layman, but all perfectly plain to the initiated, the important principle always being maintained that orders affecting different trains must be sent to one and all of those trains at the same time.

The principal lines further safeguard their train movements by the introduction of automatic or manually controlled blocks which permit one train only to occupy a designated section of track at a time. This is a very expensive improvement, but railways in this country have never hesitated when there was a question of safety to the public involved. The block system also acts as a reënforcement or check to conductors, engineers and train dispatchers. In so far, however, as any of the employees enumerated rely on mechanical devices to perform any part of their duty they are liable to retrograde, and therein lies the peril to individual development. We must think for ourselves in railway business and beware of any machine that threatens to become an understudy. In other words the safety device is to be considered only as a supplementary protection, and the man must do his duty as completely and energetically as if the protective machine did not exist.

A Dispatcher's Responsibilities

Now for the man behind the gun! The average train dispatcher in a busy office works eight hours a day—that is to say, the twenty-four-hour day is divided into three turns or "tricks." Look the dispatcher over and his physical condition compares very favorably with any well-groomed young man between twenty-two and thirty. You will find in him no predisposition to heart failure or "swelled head," for he is accustomed to disappointments. No architect in his fondest dreams ever makes so many plans and sees them disintegrate daily and hourly through no fault of the draughtsman. As to conceit, he is taught humility with each breath. Everybody in the railway service, from general manager and superintendent to section foreman, knows what a train dispatcher ought to have done instead of that which he did do! The very easiest job on a railway is to criticise some other man. Oftentimes this diverts attention from the critic, and the dispatcher is a common target.

Back in the 60's the president of what we of its service flatter ourselves is a somewhat leading railway was train dispatcher on the Illinois Central Railway. One day Grant's entire command, which filled a score or more of freight trains, was to move north from Cairo. They loaded and started, but before the second half had arrived at its destination the entire outfit was reordered back to Cairo. The movement took something like thirty-six hours and was carried out free from accident or annoyance. The dispatcher did not leave his key until the incident was closed and the army had again arrived at Cairo! Notwithstanding that engines got out of water, "ran hot," and stalled on hills, there was not an impatient or an emphatic

Editor's Note—The series, of which this paper is the seventh, began in The Saturday Evening Post of January 6.

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Every one who liked The Kidnaping of President Lincoln, by Joel Chandler Harris, will wish to read the sequel, in which is told what happened to Phil Doyle when he tried to arrest Captain McCarthy.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

word heard. The first portion of this anecdote is a record of fact; as to the latter part, I have always entertained respectful but nevertheless firm doubts.

The Man the Big Roads are Looking for

I have explained the modus operandi connected with passing two trains by telegraph, but that is only one unit in several hundred. The complications, unexpected and unheard-of emergencies incidental to the daily routine of a dispatcher's work tend speedily to bring out or develop all his latent energies. He unconsciously absorbs the fundamental principles of railway operation, to wit: patience, originality, courage, persistency and resourcefulness. Then, when he is promoted and becomes Chief, he has already laid the foundation for two important essentials in which, if successful, he must be past master — economy and completeness, or, to put the latter in homely phrase, the knack of "getting things done." The Chief has general charge of the office, distributes cars, orders locomotives; in short, is the Division Superintendent's right hand, and it is through that medium that the Superintendent's orders, for things ordinary and extraordinary, percolate.

The Superintendent's duties require his frequent absence from headquarters, in which event the chief dispatcher must act promptly on his own judgment. His motto is to do something immediately and discuss the subject afterward.

The general public is conversant with the fact that every train-mile which is run represents certain expense, but few stop to think of the elaborate system which acts as a governor over freight train mileage, or of the quiet, unobtrusive train dispatcher who organizes the detail and enforces the system. Under modern methods, there is a daily, or if you please, an hourly check on freight train tonnage. There are other questions of economy in empty car mileage, disposition of locomotives and numerous other details, all of which are, or should be, constantly under the eye of the watchful and energetic train dispatcher.

Many railways to-day are seeking men who can actually accomplish finalities. The efficient train dispatcher soon becomes known to his superior officials, and although they do not tender him bouquets or votes of thanks, his services are appreciated and at the proper time recognized by promotion to train-mastership, assistant superintendency and, in course of time (generally a long time), a division superintendency.

A First Lesson in Keeping Cool

General environment and individual associations have not a little to do with the growth of what is best and for the best in the telegraph operator. The writer was once night operator at a small country town, near Chicago. One night a freight train pulled by his office, as all freights were obliged to do, in order to turn out or take the siding, but instead of coming to a stop, the engine continued to exhaust and the speed accelerated; an effort was made to attract the conductor's or the driver's attention, but without avail. The train dispatcher was made acquainted with the situation, as a passenger train was due to leave the second station beyond, bound in the opposite direction, or coming toward the freight. It was too late to catch the passenger at the first station and there was no night office at the intermediate town. A collision was inevitable.

Mr. Operator was very much excited. The train dispatcher on duty, however, was self-contained and flicked off his Morse alphabet without a riffle. He was very thoroughly acquainted with the topography of that section; in fact, courted and won his wife there, and probably had a good idea of localities by moonlight as well as by day. I remember distinctly he said, "If they come together it will be on a certain grade and curve. You go out and listen. Report if you hear an unusual noise, but first send for the agent, tell him to get doctors and track men." The collision occurred within a hundred feet of where he said it would. I heard it and rushed to the key to tell the dispatcher. He immediately noticed my agitation and said, very slowly and plainly: "Now, young man, keep cool if you ever did in your life." That advice took root right then and there, and I have derived great profit from it.

Seven or eight years afterwards I was a train dispatcher on a railway division in Iowa. My title was "Chief," but for recreation I worked a twelve-hour trick in addition. During some particularly severe washouts on our subdivision, the General Manager and General Superintendent came out from Chicago to inspect things. They spent three or four days in our immediate vicinity, and you may believe there were no detentions incidental to their movements that the train dispatcher could avoid. They started from a point about twenty miles west of our office one afternoon to come East. I was very cautious with their orders and flattered myself that they would soon be off our territory and I could draw a long breath. The conductor "signed up," received "O. K.," and the operator reported them as leaving.

Keeping the Eleventh Commandment

In about three minutes I answered a call from that station, and the operator said, "Special back here, conductor says some one stopped him, something wrong with his orders." My jaws went together hard, and I thought of a good many things in a short time. That girl operator was equal to the occasion, and ticked off quickly, "Mr. Layng in office with conductor. I have told them orders were all right"—they were, too—"they will see you at Bn." The operator has a nice family of her own now, and while the present management maintains she will not pay fare on one railway I know of.

The General Superintendent came to our office and explained the occurrence to the effect that somebody thought a certain train had not arrived, and was fearful it had been overlooked. He terminated the conversation by saying: "Young man, did you ever hear of the eleventh commandment?" I pleaded ignorance and he said, "It is 'Mind your own business.'" This is a very safe maxim and the application is not necessarily confined to telegraph operators.

The foregoing reminiscences are used for the purpose of illustrating that men in high places sometimes sow seed that flourishes where they least expect. But those who are subordinate to a combination of individual selfishness and a restriction of originality, and who must daily and hourly pay court to somebody's personal pronoun "I," are indeed unfortunate. On the contrary, encouragement of independence in thought and action, recognition of manhood, are incentives for constant growth and development, resulting in a cooperative partnership where the employer gains quite as much as the employee. Proprietors of this latter stamp seldom lack for willing, energetic, faithful and efficient aids, and the stock of their railways is generally quoted above par.

What Education Counts for

We read a great many able articles in this day, pro and con (generally pro), as to the advantages to be derived by the so-called educated young man versus the result of miscalled circumstances or the self-made article. From a strict railway standpoint the latter is not entitled to quite so much sympathy or condolence as is frequently proffered. The college man has an advantage in that his mind is trained to comprehend rapidly and correctly, to concentrate, to follow from cause to effect, and a short period of actual service will give him a comparatively broad training. Nevertheless, there is a broad field for the practical man, and although he may be slow in starting, as was Louis XIV, of France, yet also, like him, he may go further than all the rest.

Education, if you please, in its broad sense is a cultivation of the mind and manners. Does any one contend that these accomplishments may only be obtained from a pedagogic source? Books are cheap. Reflections of the ablest minds of all ages may become yours to study and apply. Read Plutarch, Macaulay, Emerson, Bacon, Carlyle and Mills. Their theories and experiences are applicable, in many ways, to your particular case. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was probably a telegraph operator; become acquainted with his Meditations. Read, reflect, keep moving. It is the application of knowledge that turns the wheels and pays fixed charges. You may never compute bridge strains or edit a specification for locomotives, but there are other positions that have their compensations. President Huntington, at the launching of a large ship at Newport News, said: "The actual value of the material in the ship — the timber in the forest, the coal in its bed and the iron in the mine — probably amounted altogether to less than five thousand dollars. When worked up through art and manufacture into the completed vessel they represent a value of over five hundred thousand dollars."

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

MISS MARIE CORELLI appears to have had considerable difficulty with the title of her last novel, and to have failed to please herself in the end. The book as it first came out was called merely Boy. Miss Corelli, however, soon decided that critics and readers were taking the book too seriously, in a way that did not make for favorable judgment. She therefore wrote to the press, stating that her title was Boy: A Sketch, in itself a confession that the volume was a slight affair and to be taken as such.

There is said to have been a previous discussion concerning the title, which Miss Corelli is not likely to bring into her communications to the press because of its rather comic character. It seems that the title originally chosen by the author of the book was The Boy. In America this would seem as satisfactory a title as the other. But Miss Corelli's English publishers are said to have written to her saying that the title would not do because it would be liable to a misconstruction which would only make people laugh.

And this is because in the slang of certain English circles champagne is affectionately termed "The Boy."

Stephen Crane's Good Heart

Stephen Crane's death was felt deeply in England, not only as a loss to literature but as a personal sorrow to many of the workers in literature. His visits to London had of late been brief and meteoric, but he had the instinct of hospitality and, in the half-ruinous old Sussex manor-house where he lived, he had entertained many of his fellow-authors.

It is feared that the heavy expenses incidental to his last long illness will keep the provision for Mrs. Crane from being so ample as one might wish. And although Mr. and Mrs. Crane had no children of their own, three young lives were growing up in their charge, dependent upon the generous kindliness of Mr. Crane. Three children of the late Harold Frederic, who were left absolutely unprovided for, had been cared for by Mr. Crane. One had been regularly adopted, and originally it was hoped that the other two might be adopted elsewhere. It may, however, be suspected that Stephen Crane's good-heartedness let this project gradually lapse, for the three children lived on together in the Sussex countryside. So much has been written of the young American's literary achievements that it is pleasant to touch, as delicately as possible, on the more tenderly human side of the loss which his death has been.

Thackeray's Latest Biographer

Mr. Lewis Melville, who has written the most complete life of Thackeray to date, has managed his literary career in a way unusual in these days. It began with no occasional articles in newspapers or short stories in the magazines. There was no period during which his books wandered from publishing office to publishing office. There was no long heart-breaking time of disappointment, followed by gradual success. Mr. Melville stepped forth from the unknown as the author of two portly and dignified volumes of something like seven hundred pages—a most phenomenal début.

This result was due, it must be said, not so much to phenomenal brilliancy and genius as to almost unparalleled fixity of purpose. When Mr. Melville, who is still a young man, first began, as a boy, to dream of literary work, he decided that he wanted to write the life of Thackeray. And from this decision he never swerved, even although as he grew older he came to see how ambitious a design it was. For years he read everything that could be found about Thackeray or that in the remotest way related to him. He delved in libraries, and no obscure corner of a newspaper or magazine escaped him. It is probable that Mr. Melville comes nearer to having literally read everything ever written on his subject than any modern biographer. Meanwhile he was writing the life, and, it must be said, with little practical intelligence as to the publisher's point of view. For the work was originally so complete and detailed that it would have filled ten volumes of the present size. Fortunately Mr. Melville fell into the hands of a well-known and popular novelist, who saw the value of the work, made its author condense and cut it boldly, and finally introduced him to a publisher.

If Mr. Melville always works with such diligent accuracy and attacks such large subjects, he may be expected to publish a book about once in ten years, which, in these days, when by the aid of phonographs and typewriters popular novelists can publish a book almost once in ten weeks, is notable.

J. M. Barrie as a Cricketer

Nothing much has of late been heard of Mr. J. M. Barrie, or "Jimmie" Barrie as he is called by his friends. Jimmie is a noiseless sort of a character, taciturn and unable to stand the glare of much-advertised life, and he likes, after the fashion of Scotsmen, to "gang his ain gait." He is rather partial, however, to a game of cricket, and to see the popular novelist playing is a sight for the gods. So far as batting is concerned, "Jimmie" might as well not be on the ground, as far as his side is concerned.

In the Press vs. Authors cricket match—an annual event at Lord's—after a press bowler had got rid of Barrie with the first ball bowled, the journalist, who knew not James, asked: "Who's that?"

"That's James M. Barrie," was the reply. The bowler rubbed his hands and said:

"I'd like to carry him around in my cricket bag to bat against me in every match. I'd have a glorious average—and he wouldn't be heavy to carry, either."

A Ball-Player's Career

LITERATURE seems to be giving the glad hand to everybody nowadays. When a pugilist ceases to pugil, or an actor has made his final bow, or a naval officer is through winning battles, he seizes a pen and recounts his adventures, and the shades of Thackeray, Jane Austen and Coleridge hover over him and bid him Godspeed.

The latest to join the ranks of the "literary fellers" is "Baby" Anson, one time captain of the famous Chicagoes, and to say that he handles the pen with all the dexterity that he formerly showed in waving the bat is to speak but too mildly.

It were hard to review a book of 339 pages in 500 words and not work injustice to some pages, but where all are so good it is easy to pick out a few leaves at random and review them and then multiply the judgment by the number of pages unreviewed.

Adrian Constantine Anson is not a Swede. He is American these hundred years back, and before that he used to be descending from the nobility of England. Surely baseball in this country is in safe hands when a descendant of Lord Anson (presumably of Ansonia) is its leading exponent.

To a reviewer fresh from the pages of To Have and To Hold there is something different—yes, different is the word—in this little bit from the autobiography of the great batsman and captain.

"I was not the only ball player that laid siege to Miss ——'s heart in those days. There was another, the handsome and debonair Charlie Snyder, who was a great favorite with the girls wherever he went. . . . . It was rather annoying to have him dropping in when I had planned to have her all to myself for an evening. . . .

"So unbearable did this become that I finally informed him that I would stand no more trespassing on my stamping-grounds, and advised him to keep away. But to this he paid but little attention," (how naïve!) "and it was not until my sweetheart herself, at my request, gave him his congé that he refrained from longer calling at the house."

It is pleasant to read that he finally won the object of his affections, but the book is unlike a novel in that it does not end with his marriage. For two years after that he continued to play ball and with two teams he made a trip around the world, putting up good games before the Sphinx, the Prince of Wales and other landmarks of the Old World.

To rooters, bleaching-boarders and the American boy the book will possess an interest entirely apart from its literary merits.

And as a sportsman who has always acted "on the square" Mr. Anson will commend himself to a still larger circle of Americans.

—*Charles Battell Loomis.*

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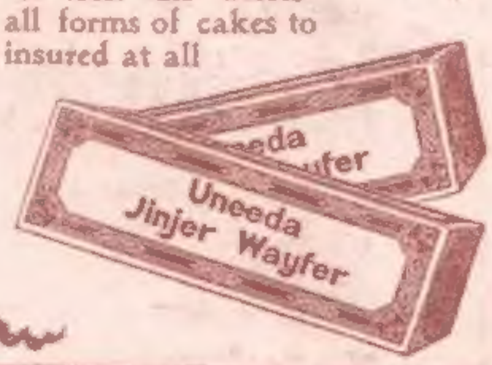

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